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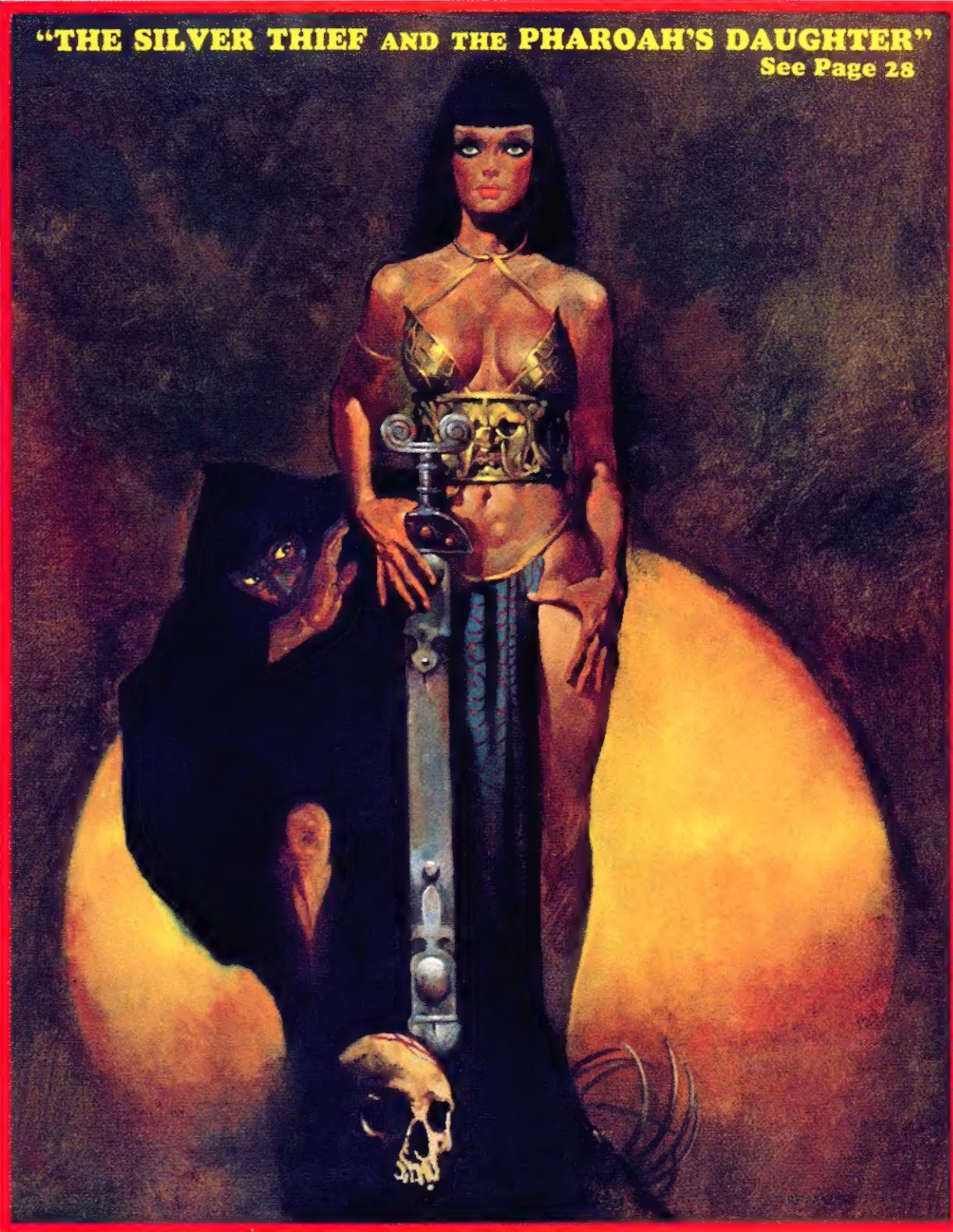
ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU

VAMPIRELLA

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC 60¢

"THE SILVER THIEF AND THE PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER"

See Page 28



VAMPI'S FEARY TALES

HOUSES WERE SHUT UP TIGHT IN ANCIENT GREECE AFTER DARK — FOR THE CREATURES OF EVIL THEN CAME OUT TO PLAY. CHILDREN WERE KEPT OFF THE STREETS. YOUNG MEN ESPECIALLY WERE SEVERELY CAUTIONED, BECAUSE THEY WERE THE PRIME TARGETS OF WICKEDNESS. THE MOST FEARED OF ALL WAS THE TERRIBLE...



LAMIAE



THE LAMIAE APPEARED AS LADIES OF EASY VIRTUE ON ANCIENT COBBLESTONE STREETCORNERS OF GREECE, SOLICITING YOUNG MEN...



ESPECIALLY 'PLUMP' YOUNG MEN, WHOM, ONCE IN THEIR CLUTCHES, THEY COMPLETELY DEVOURED, PICKING THEIR BONES CLEAN!



LAMIAE WERE SAID TO POSSESS THE UNIQUE ABILITY TO REMOVE THEIR EYEBALLS AT WILL! (THE BETTER TO SEE YOU WITH?) UGH!



AT CORINTH, INFANTS WERE SACRIFICED IN THEIR HONOR AND BURIED UNDER A HIDEOUS STATUE OF ONE OF THE LAMIAE!



VAMPIRELLA

NO. 13 SEPT. 1971

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VAMPI'S



SCARLET LETTERS

Underground Artist Original Designer of Vampirella's Scant Outfit...

Sorry but I must inform you that you were incorrect in stating that Frank Frazetta designed Vampirella's outfit (you said this in issue #11). TRINA ROBBINS, an underground artist, designed it and described it to Frank over the phone. Give credit where it is due. Further concerning issue #11, there was only one well rendered story. That one by L. M. Roca. Is he any relation to Almond Roca? If you're considering a "LILITH" story, the only artist to use is Jeff Jones or Ernie Colon. Or maybe even Wally Wood. Oh, well, any of those guys you've got on staff who do exceptionally good work would do justice to Lilith. The Frazetta cover of issue #11 wasn't spectacular, but just 'good'.

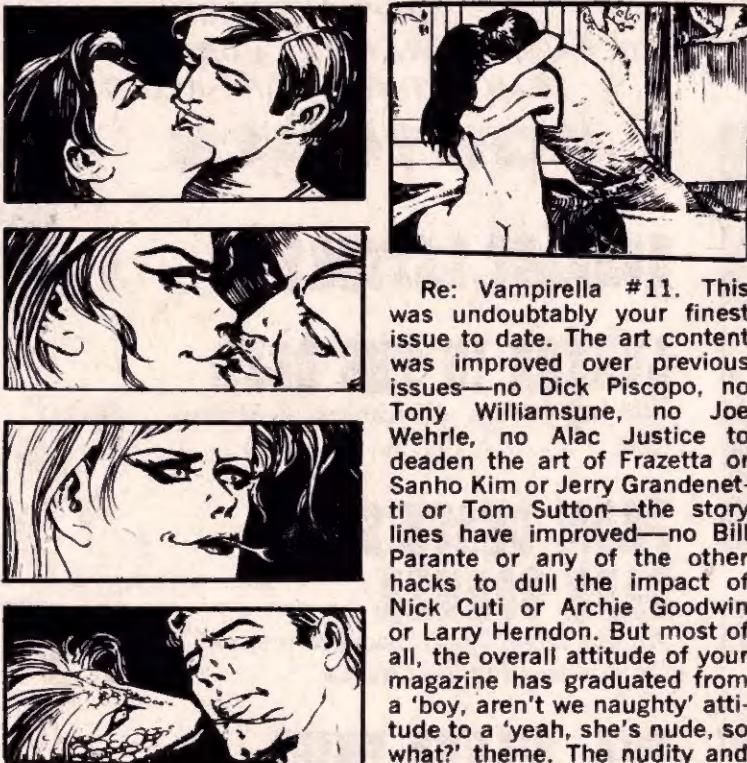
CHARLES FLYNN
San Francisco, Calif.

We knew that most of our readers were very well informed in various areas concerning horror mags, witchcraft, the occult, etc., but 'inside' information pertaining to the designing of my costume . . . well, I must say, I really am amazed. You're right, Chuck. The designing of my outfit was discussed with Frank prior to my first appearance in VAMPIRELLA #1. Trina came up with a pretty good descriptive sketch, don't you think? Kind of snug, but cute.

"...the overall attitude of your magazine has graduated from a 'boy, aren't we naughty' attitude to a "yeah, she's nude, so what?" theme. It wasn't cheap exhibitionism. The nudity and sex were used as important parts of the story."

DRAGON WOMAN

by SANHO KIM



Re: Vampirella #11. This was undoubtedly your finest issue to date. The art content was improved over previous issues—no Dick Piscopo, no Tony Williamsune, no Joe Wehrle, no Alac Justice to deaden the art of Frazetta or Sanho Kim or Jerry Grandenetti or Tom Sutton—the story lines have improved—no Bill Parante or any of the other hacks to dull the impact of Nick Cuti or Archie Goodwin or Larry Herndon. But most of all, the overall attitude of your magazine has graduated from a 'boy, aren't we naughty' attitude to a 'yeah, she's nude, so what?' theme. The nudity and

sex were used as important parts of the stories, not just to give the younger readers a thrill. For example, 'Dragon Woman' by Sanho Kim. There was nudity and sex, but it was a part of the story—a necessary part. It wasn't cheap exhibitionism.

My only regret is that there was no Billy Graham or Wally Wood present this issue. These two men are among your most talented assets.

I really enjoyed "Dragon Woman" the best. Sanho Kim should win a dual prize for art and story. The absolute enjoyment I got from this story cannot be put into words. I'd like to see more of this artist in Vampirella. One final note. If you have to raise the price of your magazine to make a full color pin-up, why not just make it black and white? After all, it's still a pin up isn't it?

VOLKAN TEKELI
New York, N.Y.

You have great potential with your three magazines—Vampirella, Creepy, and Eerie. You are not hindered by an outdated code; you are independent of the traditional distributors; you have the sharpest printing available. You no longer have any excuses. If Warren magazines doesn't give the readers the best quality material available, it is for one of two reasons—either you can't produce quality material, or you won't. If it is the former, you have my sympathy. If it is the latter, you don't even deserve that.

CHARLES D. SCHRECK
El Paso, III.

THE NEXT TIME SOMEONE ASKS, "DID YOU SEE THAT GREAT STORY IN CREEPY (OR EERIE, OR VAMPIRELLA, OR FM)?"—BE SURE YOU CAN ANSWER YES. GET YOUR ISSUES MAILED TO YOU IN A STURDY, PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE. MAIL THE COUPON NOW. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE IF NOT SATISFIED.



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MAIL TO: WARREN PUBLISHING CO., 145 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016

A letter from Ronald G. Hash of Marion, Va., which appeared in *Vampirella* #12 (remember?) contained some pertinent and rather ironic information. Contestant #13 in the New York regional "Miss American Vampire Contest" was a real witch! After arduous research, the Warren staff discovered the following about . . . WITCH HAZEL.



During the week of March 19th, 200 people met at the Wendell Wilkie Memorial Hall in New York for a Spring Occult Symposium. The gathering of self-proclaimed experts on witchcraft, magic, satanism and psychic phenomena included the high priestess of the New York coven of witches . . . our #13, WITCH HAZEL.



Draped in black is Witch Hazel, high priestess of the coven of witches.

I am one of the many fans of Frazetta who read your magazines. Although I have never written before I have always read the letter pages. Over the past year there have been many requests for posters. I also noticed that in every issue there are letters which praise Frazetta's artwork. You have stated that in order to make posters you would have to raise the price of your magazines. I would like to offer an alternative. If you were to start a fan club for Frazetta and charge \$1.00 this would probably cover the cost of printing the posters. I think this may be the answer to your problem.

I have also noticed that Frazetta does very little artwork inside your mags. Why doesn't he do more? It would seem that he has put aside his pencils and pens and taken to doing only oil paintings. I have been collecting his artwork for over a year and all of the more recent are oils. Another thing I would like to see is a picture of Mr. Frazetta.

I have nearly every thing he has done from Famous Funnies to Tarzan paperbacks. Would it be possible to obtain a small, unimportant piece of artwork? I know this is an outrageous request but can a loyal fan do less?

RICKY CARUFEL
Pawtucket, R.I.

I am 23 years old and a Sp5 in the U.S. Army stationed in Vietnam. Some people think your mags are kid stuff, but over here, you need something to "escape" into, and for me, your mag is it. Unfortunately, no Warren Publication's of any kind seem to make it across the Pacific, at least I have never seen any and I look every chance I get. I appreciate realistic art work, and yours is the best I've found so far, so keep it up. Off the wall details also interest me and I was wondering if you would answer a few personal questions. Such as, how tall is Vampi? How much does she weigh? What color are her eyes? My guess is about 5 ft. 5 in., 115 lbs. and blue. Am I close? What ever happened to the birthmark that was so prominent in the first couple of issues? What happens to the clothing, boots, jewelry, etc. a vampire wears when she changes forms? What type blood does vampires have, the same as any ordinary mortal? Does all of the injuries Vampirella has been receiving lately leave any scars? I'd hate to see Vampi all messed up in her adventures.

SPS/JOHN PUTT
2nd Signal Group
Vietnam

Well John, to answer most of your questions would probably ruin the various 'real life' impressions most of our other readers have of myself. It's been suggested I give my height, weight, measurements, etc., many times before in previous issues. However, the closest likeness to the many illustrations by our staff artists has never equalled the original rendition by Frank Frazetta . . . UNTIL we received a PHOTO of a 19 Year-Old London fashion model from one of our readers who wrote us and suggested her as a perfect Vampirella. Her name is MARY COLLINS.

semblance to Vampirella. However, she never got around to whipping out a Vampi costume for herself as sewing is not one of her talents. Concerning Vampi posters, we the readers are not asking for a free one along with our subscription, just make a Vampi poster available at, say a dollar or so. Leave the subscription price the way it is. As for your editorial comment that you'd like to see a rendering of Linda. Thanks, but we like to keep our renderings relatively discreet. No viewers. However, hope you can use the photo of Linda I'm sending.

R. STONE
Houston, Texas



What do you think?
MARY COLLINS, A 19 Year-Old Fashion Model suggested by one of our readers as a perfect Vampirella.

I received issue #12 today and was glad you could use my letter (re: my secretary Linda, Vampi #11). Frankly, she is a lousy typist and her shorthand is terrible, resulting in my having to type this letter. Other than that, she is a darn good secretary.

Fortunately, I'm a professional man and I don't get much walk-in business, so I'm inclined to humor my secretary when she goes nude around the office. If you peer closely, you will see the re-

Sorry, we couldn't run Linda's picture (nude photo's are always too revealing) although Uncle Creepy and Cousin Eerie got a chuckle from it. I did note a slight resemblance. Uncle Creepy thinks she ought to work in a library because she's well stacked. Cousin Eerie just drooled.

YOU'RE RIGHT WHEN YOU WRITE

Keep those letters coming right on into

SCARLET LETTERS
c/o Warren Publishing
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

Every letter is carefully read and as many as possible are printed in each issue! So . . .
WRITE ON, fans . . .
WRITE ON!

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER

LISTEN TO YOUR BODY.

If something's going wrong, it'll tell you.

1. Change in bowel or bladder habits.
2. A sore that does not heal.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Thickening or lump in breast or elsewhere.
5. Indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Obvious change in wart or mole.
7. Naging cough or hoarseness.

If you have a warning signal, see your doctor. If it's a false alarm, he'll tell you. If it isn't, you can give him time to help. Don't be afraid. It's what you don't know that can hurt you.

American Cancer Society

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PROLOGUE: WHAT ROOM IS THIS... WHAT PLACE IS THIS? THE STENCH OF MUSTINESS AND DECAY HANGS HEAVY HERE... AS DOES THE AURA OF MADNESS! FOR HERE A MAN LOOKS WITH BLIND EYES AND SEES HIS SON LOCKED IN THE EMBRACE OF ONE WHO SHOULD BE DEAD... SEES HIS SON LOST TO THE STRANGE CHARM OF THE GIRL CALLED...

VAMPIRELLA



YOU'VE ALREADY KILLED
MY BROTHER... I WON'T
LET YOU ROB ME OF
MY SON!

I'LL DESTROY
YOU FIRST!

DESTROY
YOU...!

DAD!

DESTROY...

DAD!

DAD!

W-WHAT...
WHERE...?

YOU'RE HOME,
DAD...SAFE! YOU'VE
BEEN DREAMING
AGAIN...

YES.
THE SAME
DREAM... EVERY
NIGHT SINCE WE
RETURNED FROM OUT
WEST... ALWAYS
ABOUT YOU AND
HER AND...

SHE'S STILL
ALIVE, ISN'T SHE,
ADAM? ISN'T
SHE?

THE TRUTH JUST
WON'T STAY HIDDEN
FROM A MAN WITH
PSYCHIC VISION...

ADAM, YOU BROUGHT
ME BACK HERE TO NEW
ENGLAND, TO THE UNIVERSITY...
DELIBERATELY LETTING
ME THINK SHE'D BEEN
KILLED ?!

DAD, I HAD
TO! UNTIL I COULD
TALK WITH YOU,
MAKE YOU
UNDERSTAND...

SHE ISN'T A
VAMPIRE... NOT AS
WE KNOW THEM!
NOT ONE OF THOSE
FESTERING, EVIL
THINGS VAN
HELSINGS HAVE
ALWAYS FOUGHT!

SHE COMES FROM
ANOTHER WORLD!
ONE WHERE THEY
DEPEND ON BLOOD AS
WE DO FOOD AND WATER!
SHE COULDN'T HELP
WHAT SHE DID HERE...

AND NOW SHE HAS A
SERUM SHE TAKES DAILY...
A BLOOD SUBSTITUTE!
SHE'S NO LONGER
A THREAT TO
HUMANS, SHE
WANTS TO AID
THEM AGAINST THE
FORCES OF CHAOS!

HOW MUCH AID
WOULD SHE BE IF
SHE MISSED
TAKING THIS
SERUM, ADAM?

WOULDN'T SHE BECOME
JUST AS MUCH A BLOOD-LUSTING
MONSTER AS ANY CREATURE WE'VE
HUNTED? AS SHE ALMOST
DID AT WADE'S HOUSE...*
AS SHE WAS WHEN SHE
KILLED YOUR UNCLE ?!

I BELIEVE
IN HER, DAD! BUT
OBVIOUSLY NONE
OF MY REASONS FOR
BELIEVING WILL
MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE
TO YOU...

... LEAST OF
ALL THAT I THINK
I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE
WITH HER!

* SEE VAMPIRELLA #12

IN THE COSMOS, MOTION IS CONSTANT. DIFFERENT PLANES OF EXISTENCE, MULTI-VARIOUS DIMENSIONS, SHIFT AND MOVE. AND WHERE THERE IS MOTION, THERE IS FRICTION...

SO TWO WORLDS MAY MEET, TOUCH, AND SOMETIMES FUSE. SO TWO ALIEN AREAS OF REALITY MAY OVERLAP, CONMINGLE, FOR AN INSTANT, AN ETERNITY, A TIME...

AND WITHIN THE NARROW SPHERE OF THIS JOINING, CREATURES FROM ONE MAY REACH OUT TO THOSE OF THE OTHER... SO THAT PLACE CALLED THE NETHER-VOID HAS COME TO EARTH!



THE LURKER IN THE DEEP!

EVENING ON THE GULF OF MEXICO. MUSIC FROM THE YACHT CLUB OF A TEXAS CITY DRIFTS OUT OVER THE WATER. A MOTOR LAUNCH CHUGS TO A HALT; A PASSENGER CLIMBS TO THE MARINA DOCK...





YOU'RE AN ANGEL FOR
TAKING ME IN, PENDRAGON! EVEN
THOUGH ADAM VAN HELSING'S
APPARENTLY PERSUASSED HIS
FATHER **NOT** TO PURSUE ME,
BEING A FUGITIVE WAS
GETTING HARDER AND
HARDER...

BUT I OWE YOU MY LIFE,
DEAR CHILD! BESIDES...YOU'VE
DONE WONDERS FOR MY
ACT! NOW, FORGIVE ME WHILE
I DO SOME WONDERS FOR
MY OPENING NIGHT
JITTERS...!

A NIGGLING DETAIL,
MY DEAR...THE WONDERS
PERFORMED ARE IN NO
WAY LESSENED!

PENDRAGON,
IT'S NOT
OPENING
NIGHT...

UNFORTUNATELY, NEITHER
ARE THE JITTERS! IT'S
PROBABLY THAT DAMN BOOK,
VAMPIRELLA... EVEN IN OUR
HANDS, I DON'T LIKE IT!

I'VE VOWED TO
BATTLE THE CULT OF
CHAOS...AND POSSESSING
THE CRIMSON
CHRONICLES IS ESSENTIAL
TO DO THAT!

THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN
SPELLS AND INCANTATIONS...
IT'S A LINK TO THE CULT...
ALMOST SEEMS TO HAVE AN
AURA THAT ATTRACTS
THOSE WHO WORSHIP CHAOS!

THAT CHARACTERISTIC
SOMEHOW FAILS TO
CHEER ME...BUT THEN
WE PENDRAGONS HAVE
NEVER BEEN FAMOUS FOR
OUR COURAGE! OR
ANYTHING ELSE FOR
THAT MATTER!

YOU'LL
SURELY BE
REMEMBERED AS
THE FIRST PERSON
TO HIRE AN
EXTRATERRESTRIAL
AS AN ASSISTANT!

WHICH NO
DOUBT PUTS ME
IN TROUBLE WITH
MAGICIANS
LOCAL #309!

BUT FIRST WE MUST
FACE A MUCH LESS
ESOTERIC AND FAR
MORE FREQUENT PROBLEM
IN YOUR NEWLY CHOSEN
TRADE, MY DEAR...
UNEMPLOYMENT!

PERHAPS
I CAN BE OF
HELP!

I NEED
SHIPBOARD
ENTERTAINMENT
FOR THE CRUISE
I'M PLANNING. THE
NAME IS JOHNNY
TRITON!

WHICH NO
DOUBT PUTS ME
IN TROUBLE WITH
MAGICIANS
LOCAL #309!

BUT FIRST WE MUST
FACE A MUCH LESS
ESOTERIC AND FAR
MORE FREQUENT PROBLEM
IN YOUR NEWLY CHOSEN
TRADE, MY DEAR...
UNEMPLOYMENT!

PERHAPS
I CAN BE OF
HELP!

I NEED
SHIPBOARD
ENTERTAINMENT
FOR THE CRUISE
I'M PLANNING. THE
NAME IS JOHNNY
TRITON!



AND THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

ISN'T MIDNIGHT RATHER AN ODD HOUR FOR SAILING, PENDRAGON...? JOHNNY TRITON SEEMS AS ECCENTRIC AS HE IS ATTRACTIVE!

FRANKLY, MY DEAR, I HAVE A SPECTACULAR DISTRUST OF SHIPS NO MATTER WHEN THEY SAIL... GOES HAND IN HAND WITH MY INABILITY TO SWIM!

HOWEVER, I FIND THE MONEY OFFERED BY MR. T. AS IMPRESSIVE AS THE CUT OF HIS FEATURES!

YOU'D THINK HE'D HIRE A FEW MORE CREWMEN, ALL I'VE SEEN SO FAR ARE PASSENGERS! BUT OUR TRUNK SEEMS TO HAVE GOTTEN HERE ALL RIGHT... MY SUPPLY OF SERUM IS INTACT AND--

THAT'S ODD! THERE'S SALTWATER PUDDLED ON IT!

PROBABLY SPRAY FROM THE LAUNCH... NOTICED IT ON MY THINGS TOO!

EUREKA! A VERITABLE BONANZA! WHATEVER THE SHORTCOMINGS OF HIS MENIALS, MR. TRITON CERTAINLY KNOWS HOW TO MAKE A JADED OLD TROOPER FEEL AT HOME!

SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR...

MR. TRITON... INVITES YOU TO JOIN HIM... FOR A LATE SNACK... IF YOUR PACKING IS FINISHED...

THE PURPOSE OF THE WELL-STOCKED LIQUOR CABINET BECOMES CLEAR... TO DROWN THE MEMORY OF THE STEWARD'S VOICE! MOST GRUESOME SOUND I'VE HEARD SINCE INNER-SANCTUM WENT OFF THE AIR AND--WHAT IS IT, MY DEAR...?

SEA-WEED...

IN THE WINE-DARK OCEAN DEPTHS, DEMOGORGAN GROWS RESTLESS, EVEN ANXIOUS, FOR THE RETURN OF THE ONE SENT FORTH. SWIMMING THINGS NOW AVOID THESE WATERS. THERE IS ONLY THE STILLNESS. AND THE WAITING. SOON... SOON...

THE SECOND SUNSET FALLS ON JOHNNY TRITON'S YACHT IN ITS JOURNEY... VOICES AND LAUGHTER OF HIS GUESTS CARRY OUT ONTO THE CALM WATERS...

SO FAR IT'S BEEN FABULOUS! BUT YOU'D THINK TRITON WOULD CRACK DOWN ON HIS CREW... THEY BARELY MAKE AN APPEARANCE ALL DAY!

I FEAR THERE'S ONLY ONE THING OUR HANDSOME HOST NOTICES... THE LADY MAGICIAN!



JUST A GLANCE WOULD BRING YOU ANY OF THOSE WOMEN, ALL EQUALLY LOVELY... WHY ME IN PARTICULAR?



WITH AN URGENT MOVEMENT, TRITON TUGS VAMPIRELLA TOWARD HIS CABIN...

...I FELT IT ABOUT, YOU VAMPIRELLA! THE STRANGENESS, THE APARTNESS, THE SUPERIORITY THAT SETS YOU ABOVE ORDINARY PEOPLE!

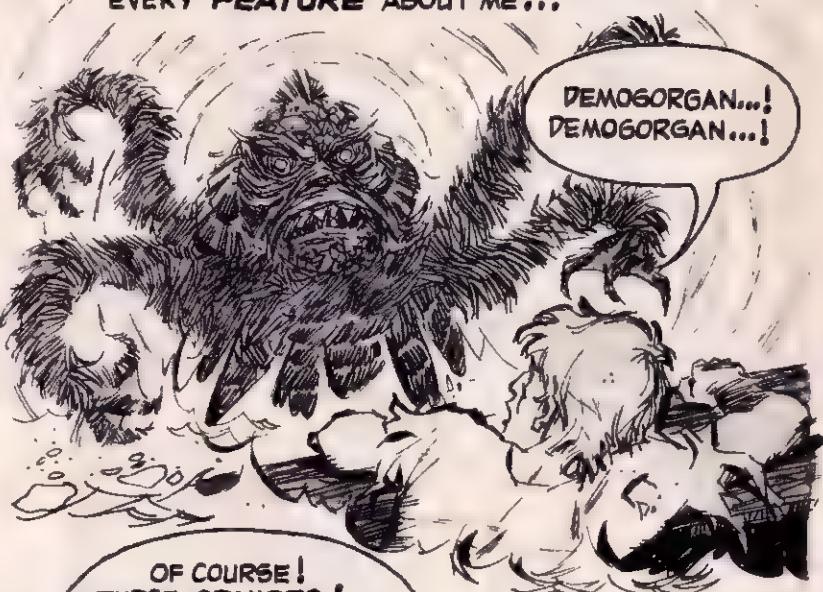
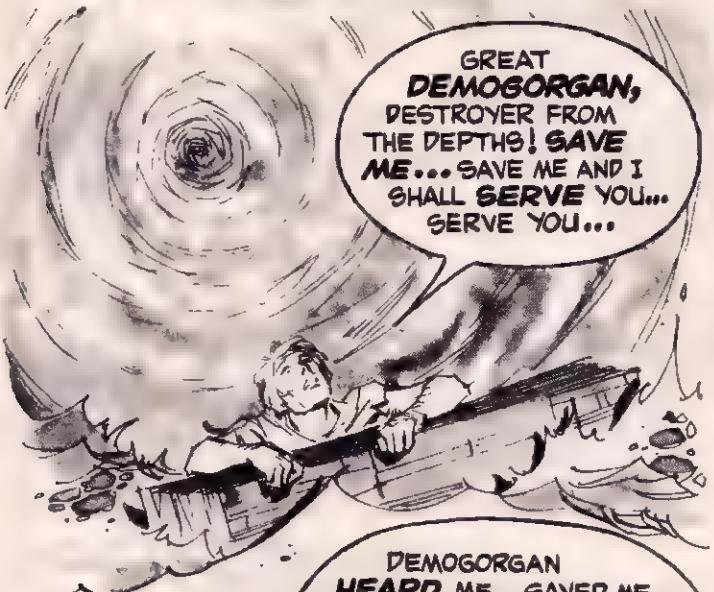
OF COURSE I DIDN'T WANT TO SAY ANYTHING UNTIL I HAD PROOF! THEN ONE OF MY CREWMEN FOUND THIS AMONG YOUR THINGS... YOU'RE ONE OF US PARDLING!

...A COMPANION OF CHAOS! JUST AS I'VE BEEN SINCE THAT DAY YEARS AGO... THE DAY THE TANKER EXPLODED! THE TANKER I SERVED UPON AS A LOWLY SEAMAN...



I SURVIVED... ONLY TO FACE CERTAIN DEATH FROM THE SUN AND SEA, DRIFTING HOPELESSLY, DELIRIOUSLY. LIKE ALL DYING MEN, I PRAYED... PRAYED TO A HALF-REMEMBERED NAME I'D HEARD FROM SAILORS OLD AND WISE IN LORE FEARFULLY FORGOTTEN BY MOST MEN!

AND SOMETHING HEAVED UP OUT OF THE DEPTHS, SOMETHING SMELLING OF SEA AND SLIME... A MONSTROUS SHADOW BEFORE MY SUN-BLINDED EYES! FOR A LONG TIME IT STARED, AS THOUGH STUDYING EVERY PORE, EVERY FEATURE ABOUT ME...



COME BACK!
VAMPIRELLA, COME
BACK HERE!
YOU'LL SPOIL
EVERYTHING!

PENDRAGON!
PENDRAGON!

BUT VAMPIRELLA'S CRIES DO NOT REACH
THE MAIN DECK... AND IF THEY DID, WOULD
ONLY BE LOST IN THE TERRIBLE
STILLNESS THAT HAS SETTLED THERE!

THE WAITING IS ENDED. DEMOGORSAN
HAS COME TO THE SHIP OF JOHNNY TRITON...

...COME TO FEED!

PENDRAGON!



NOW VAMPIRELLA MOVES WITH REFLEXES HONED ON A PLANET BEYOND THE STARS WE KNOW...

... MOVES WITH STRENGTH AND PURPOSE BRED ON HER DOOMED AND DISTANT HOME CALLED DRAKULON!



FOR AN INSTANT, THERE IS NO SOUND, NO MOVEMENT. THEN A STRANGE WAIL, STARTING LOW AND RISING TO A HAUNTING, HOWLING PITCH, ECHOS OUT OVER THE OCEAN VASTNESS... A WAIL FROM THE MONSTROUS THING THAT IS DEMOGORGAN!



NOW THE SHIP OF JOHNNY TRITON SEEMS TO MELT AND DIE. PAINT CRACKS AND GIVES WAY BEFORE RIVULETS OF RUST AND CORROSION. RAILINGS BUCKLE AND REND. BULKHEADS BURST FROM THEIR OWN ROTTENESS, AND THE DEVOURING SEA POURS IN...

AND AS THE GREAT SHIP CRUMPLES, WHITHERS AND DRAWS INTO ITSELF, A BALLOON PUNCTURED AND COLLAPSING, SO AT LAST ARE THE FLEETINGLY GLIMPSED CREW FINALLY AND FULLY SEEN...



MAN AND MACHINE RETURNING TO THEIR ORIGINS ...!

THE SHIP! NOTHING BUT THE RUSTED, ROTTED-OUT HULK OF... OF AN OLD TANKER...!

THE CREW WERE SKELETONS... CORPSES... DREDGED UP FROM THE OCEAN FLOOR...! DEMOGORGON'S MAGIC!



IN THE DARK, RUSHING OCEAN WATERS,
THERE IS NO ONE TO ANSWER JOHNNY
TRITON! NO ONE TO SUGGEST WHY ONE
LOST, UNCOMMONLY **HANDSOME** SAILOR
SHOULD **ALONE** HAVE RECEIVED SUCH
FAVORS...

AND IN THE WAKE OF
CHAOS' SERVANT AND
HER ILL-CHOSEN LOVER,
ALL ELSE FOLLOWS...

NO ONE TO POINT OUT THAT
EVEN MIGHTY, AWESOME DEMONS
ARE STILL EITHER MALE OR
FEMALE...

...AND THAT DEMOGORGAN
IS A FAITHFUL, BUT EXTREMELY
JEALOUS MISTRESS!

...EXCEPT TWO!

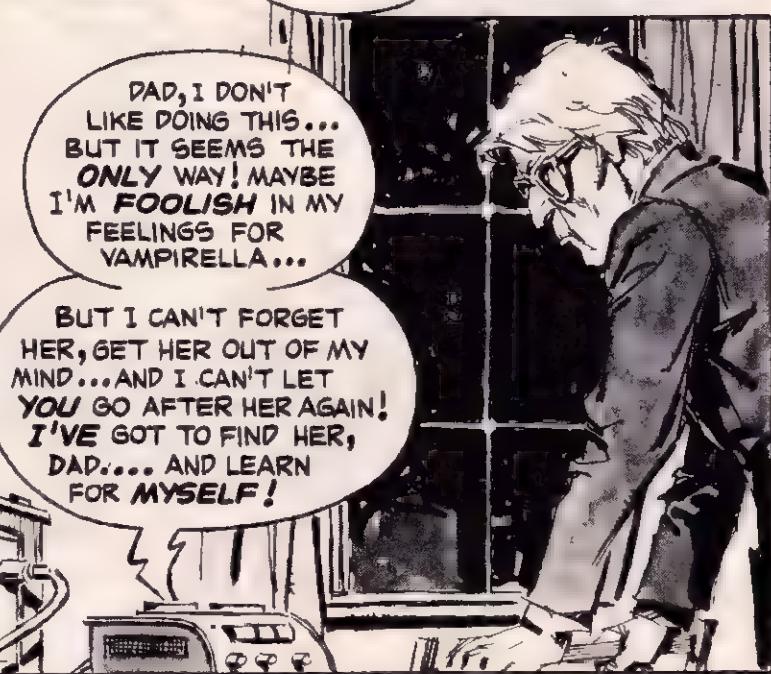
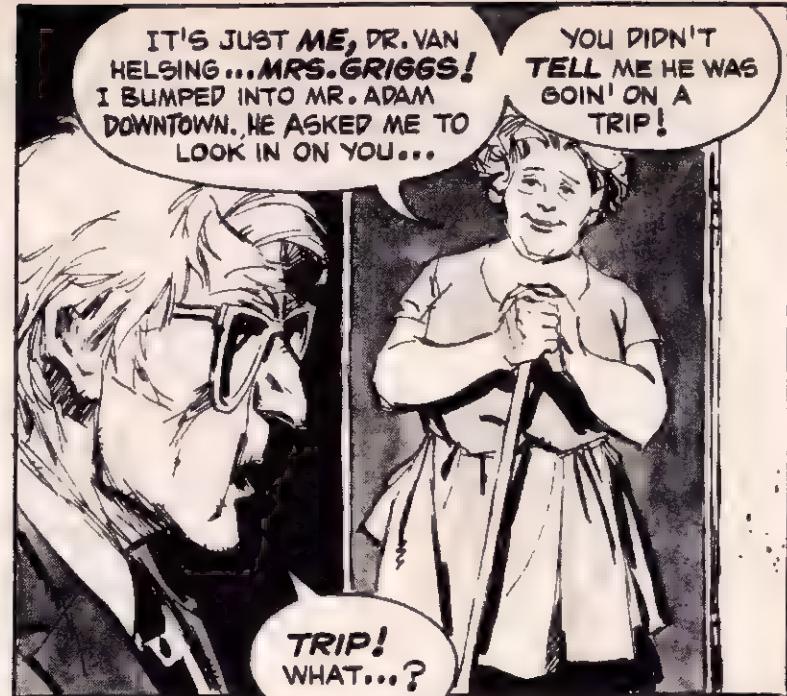
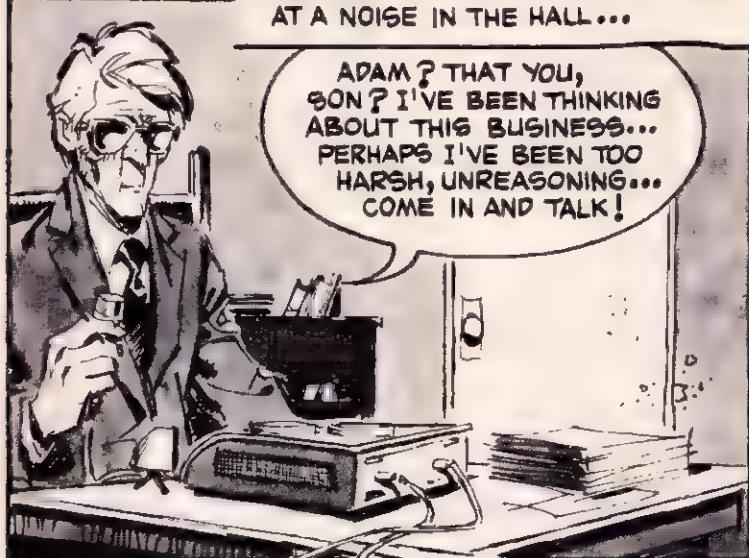
PENDRAGON!
THIS RAFT...!
WHERE DID
YOU--?

ANY GOOD
MAGICIAN TRIES
TO HAVE AT LEAST
ONE TRICK TO
SUIT THE OCCASION,
MY DEAR...

...AND,
AS YOU MAY
RECALL, I
DISTRUST
SHIPS!

EPilogue:

IN HIS STUDY AT NEW ENGLAND UNIVERSITY, CONRAD VAN HELSING BROODS OVER HIS WORK, THEN BECOMES ALERT WITH INTEREST AT A NOISE IN THE HALL...



NOW BEGINS AN ANGRY RACE BETWEEN FATHER AND SON... A RACE WITH PERHAPS THE STRANGEST PRIZE OF ALL... THE LIFE OF THE GIRL FROM DRAKULON!

THE END...



MIDNIGHT SINKS ITS BRIMSTONE
PALL OVER THE **BLACK SWAMP**...
FROM WITHIN THE FETID REACHES, THERE
COME SOUNDS—THE ANCIENT RUMBLING OF
THE **BOG** SHIFTING AND TWISTING, CURDLING
ITS BRACKISH **WATERS** INTO POOLS OF
GREASY **SLIME**! WHAT LURKS HERE?
WHAT TURNS FROM THE LIGHT OF
MORN TO FIND SOLACE IN THIS
DARKEST **PIT**?
WHAT PEERS OUT...



UNNH—MAW—YOU THINK
WE SHOULDA COME TONIGHT?



BLURP!



BLURP!



BURBLEUP!

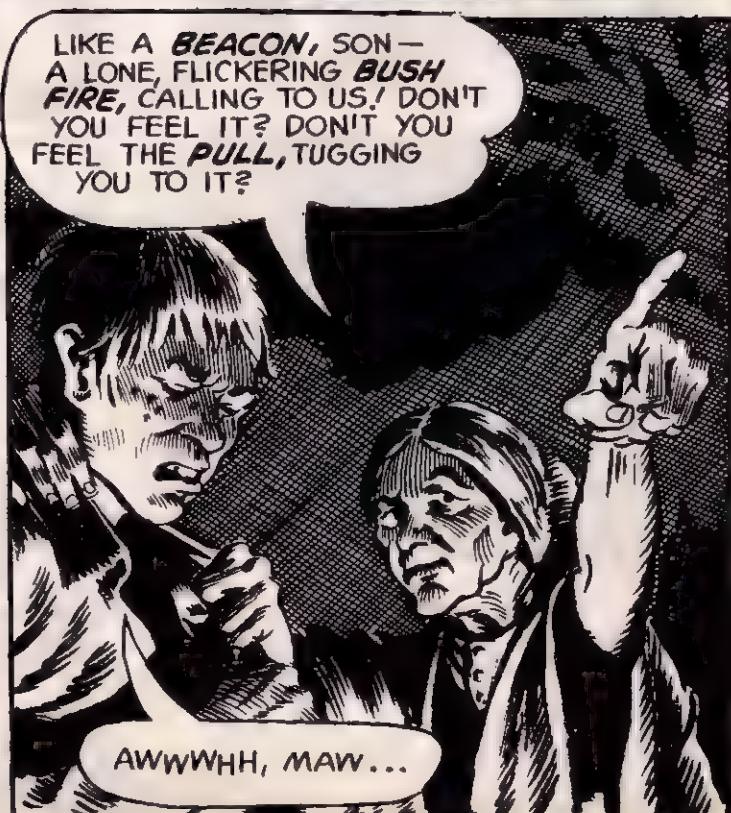
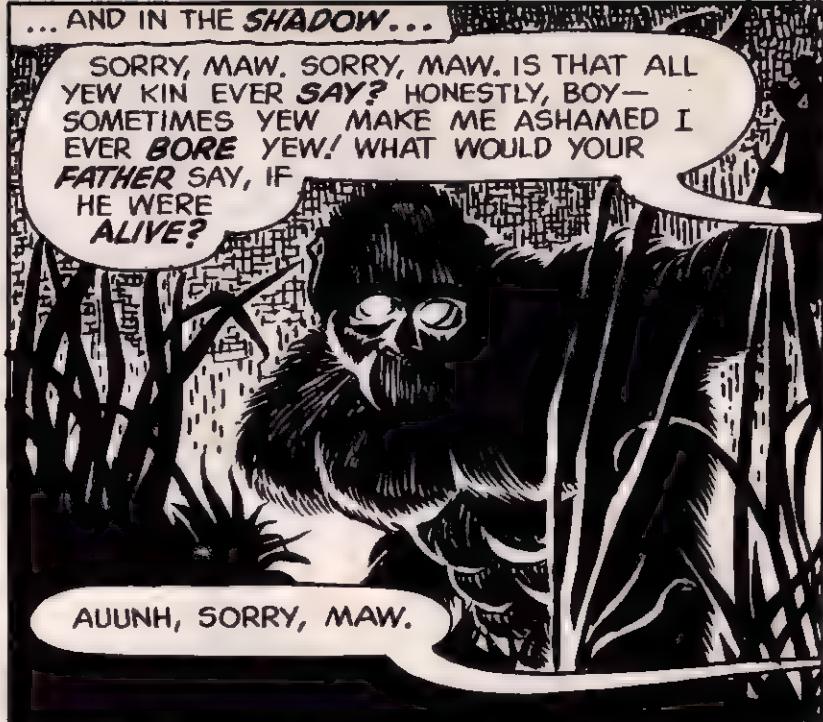
FROM DEATH'S DARK CORNER!



QUIET, YOU BLITHERING
FOOL! THERE MUST EVER
BE SILENCE WHEN
APPROACHING YON
SWAMP!



UNNH—SORRY, MAW, SORRY. I—
UNNH—I JUST KEEP THINKIN'
BOUT THE **KILLIN'S**... EVERYBODY
IN TOWN'S TALKIN' BOUT THE
KILLIN'S—UNNH—THIS SURE IS
GETTIN' **HEAVY**, MAW! AWRE
WE AWLMOST **THERE**?



YOU'RE SO UNLIKE YOUR FATHER, SON -- SO VERY UNLIKE HIM! HE WAS STRONG, LIKE YOU — BUT THERE WAS MORE TO HIS STRENGTH! THERE WAS A QUALITY TO HIM! BUT— YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND THAT, CAN YOU?

"I WAS A YOUNG GIRL WHEN I FIRST MET YOUR FATHER! HE WAS A STRANGER IN OUR VILLAGE!... BUT WHEN I SAW HIM, IT WAS AS THOUGH I'D KNOWN HIM ALL MY LIFE...

...DARK! MOTHER WILL HAVE MY HEAD — AND WITH GOOD REASON! I MUST HURRY!

YOU JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND...

OH!

... HIS EYES WERE ALL BRIGHT AND BURNING... EYES THAT HAD SEEN EVERYTHING...

I'D ALMOST GIVEN THIS VILLAGE UP... BUT IT SEEMS THERE ARE SOME REDEEMING QUALITIES ABOUT IT AFTER ALL! WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

ELLUVIA...

"... AND WHEN HE TOUCHED ME... A THOUSAND EELS SQUIRMED BENEATH MY SKIN..."

ELLUVIA-A FAIR NAME FOR A FAIR FACE. YOU MAY CALL ME GARN. I WAS BUT PASSING THROUGH...

...BUT NOW, I SEE THAT I MAY YET STAY AWHILE...

"... IT WAS A COURTSHIP SEEMINGLY SANCTIONED BY THE DEVIL! MY HEART WAS TORN FROM ME, CAST AWAY INTO THE FARTHEST REACHES OF HELL BY YOUR FATHER'S CHARMs..."

I... I NEVER FELT THIS WAY BEFORE, GARN! IT IS AS THOUGH MY SOUL WERE CLASPED IN A STEEL VISE!

THEY SAY THE GODS KNOW LOVE, MY DARLING—WHAT THEY FEEL CAN BE NO BETTER THAN THIS!

"... WITHIN A MONTH, WE WERE WED..."

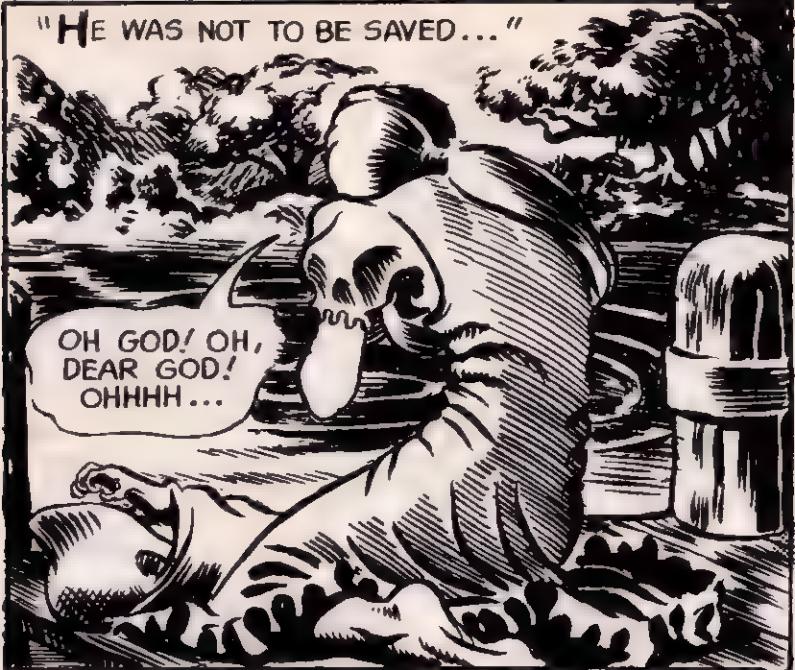
"... WITHIN THE YEAR, I HAD MY FIRST AND ONLY CHILD..."

"... AND IN THAT SAME YEAR, YOUR FATHER DIED!"

GARN!

CRRRAAAK!

"HE WAS NOT TO BE SAVED..."



"PERHAPS IT WAS MY WIDOW'S IMAGINATION, BUT STRANGE THINGS HAPPENED THAT YEAR! FOR ONE, THE KIDNAPPING..."



WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT'S WRONG, DENNIA?

MY—MY CHILD—OH, GODS!
IT'S BEEN STOLEN! TAKEN
FROM MY VERY ARMS THIS—
THIS PAST NIGHT! OOH!
—OHHHH—

HOLD HER—QUICKLY,
GET HER SOME WINE!

THE MEN OF THE VILLAGE SEARCHED...
BUT THE LOST CHILD WAS NEVER FOUND!"

"...AND THE SECOND—
THE SEEDING OF THE SWAMP!"

INCREDIBLE! LOOK
AT IT—THE HAND-
WORK OF SATAN!

UPSTREAM — SOMETHING
CLOGS THE WATERS LIKE
A DAM! THEY WILL NOT
PASS... AND OUR WATERS
GROW FOUL!

WHAT A STENCH!

"SUMMER PASSED INTO FALL... FALL INTO
WINTER... WINTER BECAME SPRING... AND
WITH THE THAW..."

LOOK WELL, LAD!
IT WAS HERE THAT
YOUR FATHER MET
HIS DOOM!



... AND SO IT'S BEEN THESE
SEVENTEEN YEARS. THEY'VE TAKEN
THEIR TOLL UPON ME, LAD.
I'M NOT THE LASS I ONCE WAS...
NOR ARE YOU YOUR FATHER'S SON!

MAW ...



MAW... I'M SCARED!
THERE'S SUMTHIN' OUT
THERE, MAW! I KIN
FEEL IT—I FELT IT
EVERY TIME WE USED'A
COME HERE! MAW...

NONSENSE! STOP YOUR
BABBLING! NOW GIVE
ME THAT PACK!

WIND, A LOW, EERIE WIND, SCREAMS NEAR—
SILENTLY THROUGH THE DRAB GREEN WILLOWS,
WHISPERING A SONG OF MOURNED DEATH!

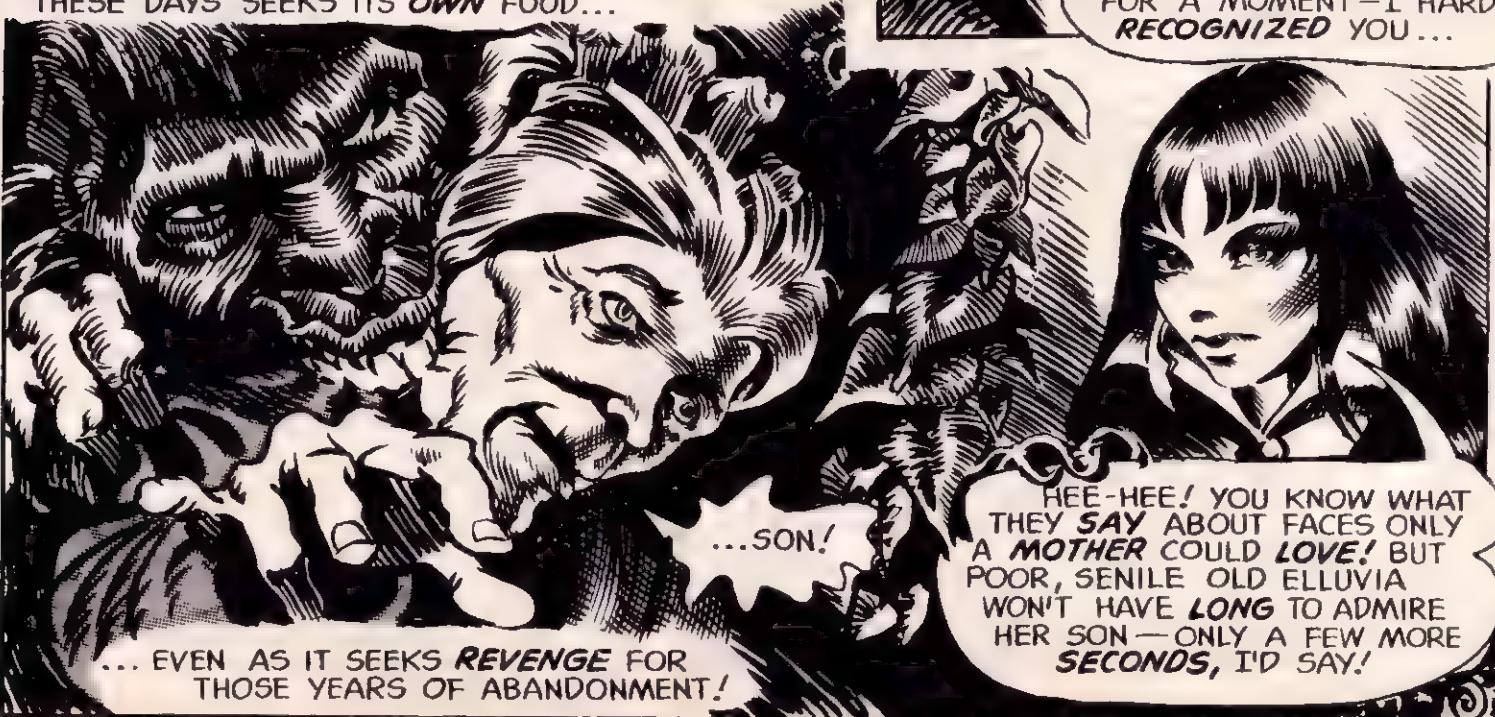




... MANY YEARS, TO WIPE
THE PAIN FROM YOUR MIND,
FORGETFULNESS OF THAT
DAY YOU GAVE **BIRTH** TO
GARN'S CHILD...

... FORGETFULNESS OF
THE **HORROR** YOU FELT
WHEN YOU SAW THE
MONSTER THAT WAS
YOUR SON...

... FORGETFULNESS OF THE **MURDER**
OF YOUR HUSBAND IN VENGEANCE
FOR THE **BEAST** HE FORCED UPON
YOU, OF THE **KIDNAPPING**... OF THE
ABANDONING OF YOUR TRUE CHILD
TO THE WILDS OF THE **SWAMP**...





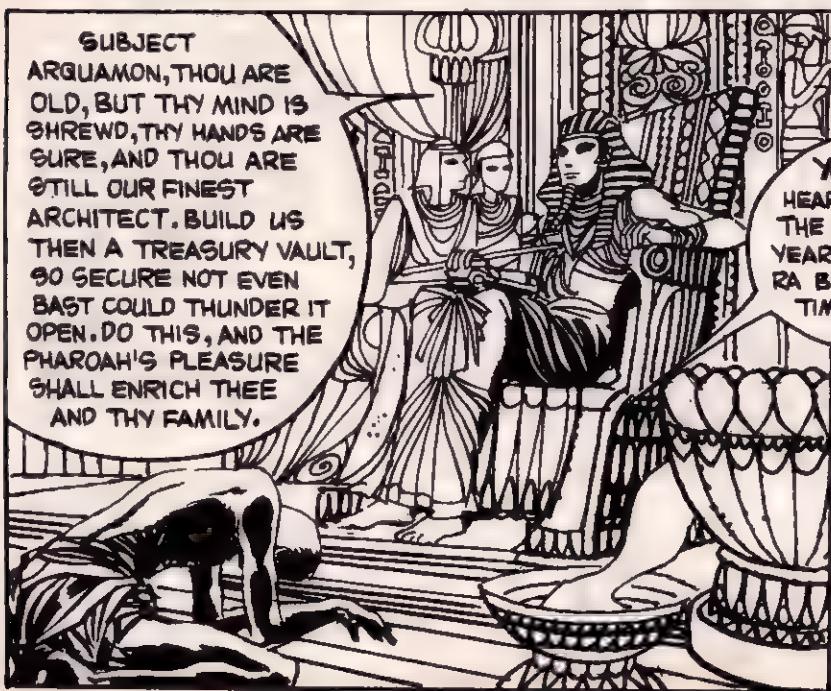
IN ANCIENT EGYPT, TIME SLIDES ALONG AS SLOWLY AS THE FUNERAL BARGE CARRYING THE REMAINS OF **RAMSES I** DOWN THE RIVER NILE. LIFE HERE COUNTS FOR NOTHING; ONE PASSES THROUGH IT BRIEFLY PREY TO POISONS, SICKNESS, TREACHERY, MURDER, AND THE WHIMS OF UNCOUNTABLE GODS, BOTH GOOD AND EVIL; THEN IN A WINK IT IS OVER, AND **DEATH...** IS FOREVER. DEATH IS EVERYTHING. LIKE ALL EGYPTIANS, THE OLD KING RAMSES SPENT HIS ENTIRE LIFE BUILDING AND FURNISHING HIS TOMB. AND TO IT HE FLOATS NOW, STILL, SERENE, AND QUIET—AS HE WILL BE FOREVERMORE.



THE SILVER THIEF AND THE PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER

RAMSES HAS LEFT HIS SON, HOWEVER, A VAST INHERITANCE OF CONQUEST, AND **EMPIRE** THAT STRETCHES FROM DUSKY KUSH IN THE SOUTH TO FAR PERSIA IN THE NORTH. AS UNIMAGINABLE TREASURES POUR INTO MEMPHIS ON OXEN, CAMELS, AND ELEPHANTS, **RAMSES II** SEEKS TO SECURE HIS RICHES.

SUBJECT
ARGUAMON, THOU ARE OLD, BUT THY MIND IS SHREWD, THY HANDS ARE SURE, AND THOU ARE STILL OUR FINEST ARCHITECT. BUILD US THEN A TREASURY VAULT, SO SECURE NOT EVEN BAST COULD THUNDER IT OPEN. DO THIS, AND THE PHARAOH'S PLEASURE SHALL ENRICH THEE AND THY FAMILY.



YOUR SLAVE HEARS, O SON OF THE SUN, AND YEARNS TO OBEY, IF RA BUT LEAVES HIM TIME ON EARTH TO.



BUT HEED ME, OLD MAN! IF EVER A TOKEN, SO MUCH AS A SHECKEL, IS STOLEN FROM THIS VAULT WHILE YOU YET LIVE, THY SPIRIT SHALL BE RIVEN SHREIKING FROM THY FLESH, AND THY BODY STRUNG UP, FOOD FOR THE CROW. UNEMBALMED, YOUR SOUL PERFORCE SHALL WONDER IN ALLEYS OF MADNESS FOREVER.



MY LORD, THESE
OLD HANDS HAVE BEEN
SULLIED BY TOO MUCH MONEY
IN MY LONG LIFE. THY TREASURY
SHALL BE BUILT INTO THE CITY
WALL ITSELF, WITH STONE
AND MORTAR, AND NO ONE
IN EGYPT SHALL ENTER
IT WITHOUT THE
KING'S SEAL.

WITH HIS OWN HANDS OLD ARQUAMON BUILT RAMSES' NEW
TREASURY, STRAINING HIS OLD MUSCLES HIS ANCIENT
JOINTS ACHING, HE FORMED IT BLOCK BY BLOCK AND LAID
IT TRUE...

WITH STEADY HANDS HE MORTARED THE NEW WALL,
MAKING IT STRONG AND SAFE AS HE KNEW HOW,
AFTER A LIFETIME OF MASONRY...

...BUT HE KNEW
NOT THAT NEITHER OF MY
SONS IS IN EGYPT, BUT OFF
WITH THE ARMY IN FARAWAY
BABYLON. BUT WHENSOEVER
THEY RETURN, THIS
BLOCK-YEA, EVER SO SLIGHTLY
LOOSE-SHALL MAKE
THEM RICH!

THERE!
IMMOVABLE
AS ASTARTE IN
HEAVEN! AS I TOLD
PHARAOH, NO ONE IN
EGYPT COULD
BREAK IN HERE...

YEARS YET PASSED, DURING WHICH PHARAOH PROSPERED AND ARQUAMON KEPT HIS SILENCE. AT LENGTH, THOUGH, AS THE TIME AT LAST DREW NEAR...



...AND NOW YOU KNOW EVERYTHING. BE SLY, LADS, AND TAKE CARE. NOW LEAVE ME-I WOULD BE ALONE WHEN AT LAST I FEEL THE CLAWS OF THE REAPER-HAWK.



THUS OLD ARQUAMON'S BODY WAS NO SOONER SAFE AT THE EMBALMER'S, BEGINNING ITS SEVENTY-DAY PURIFICATION TREATMENT, THAN HIS SONS WERE ON THEIR WAY TO THE TREASURY HE HAD BUILT, YEARS BEFORE.



BY ISIS! BY OSIRIS! LOOK AT THIS WEALTH, ALCOM! WE'RE RICH! I WANT THAT GOLDEN IMAGE OF CROPS THERE, TO BEGIN WITH... AND THAT RUBY HEALING-AMULET...

CONTAIN YOURSELF, KEPHYR. FATHER SAID TO ROB ONLY THE SILVER URNS, AS OUR BEST CHANCE TO AVOID DETECTION.



LOOK AT THAT! WE'LL NEVER WORK AGAIN! WE CAN BUY A PALACE AND A HUNDRED SLAVES. WE'LL HAVE THE BIGGEST FUNERALS SINCE CHEOPS.

MOTHER, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT. FATHER BUILT A VAULT BIG ENOUGH FOR THE WEALTH OF SEVEN KINGDOMS, AND PHARAOH'S FILLED IT TO THE BRIM!

BUT FOR ALL HIS WEALTH, PHARAOH WAS A PARSIMONIOUS RULER. IT TOOK NOT MANY MORE READS ON HIS SILVER URNS BEFORE...

PHEQUES, THOU ART CHANCELLOR OF OUR EXCHEQUER. DURING THE MOON OF THE IBIS THIRTY TALENTS WERE DEPOSITED IN THE SILVER URNS. YET HOW, HALF THROUGH THE MOON OF THE SERPENT, WE FIND OURSELVES TEN TALENTS WANTING. WHAT HAPPENED? DID YOU EAT IT, FAT FOOL?

MY-MY LORD! SCION OF THE NILE, I-I AM AT A LOSS TO ACCOUNT... SURELY SOME MISTAKE... HOLINESS, THE DOOR-SEAL HAS NOT BEEN BROKEN, I SWEAR! THE GUARDS REPORT NOTHING. PERHAPS IF YOU COUNTED AGAIN...

OH, AND JUST IN CASE HE TELLS THE TRUTH, MEN-WHEN YOU'RE DONE WITH HIM, RETURN HERE AND SET UP A TRAP THAT SLAYS NOT, BUT KEEPS THE VICTIM FAST. MEANWHILE, I GO TO RAISE THE TAXES TO AFFRAY THE TREASURY'S LOSS.

BROTHER, I LIKE THIS LESS EACH TIME WE MAKE A RAID. PHARAOH'S RAISED THE TAXES, THAT MAY MEAN HE'S SUSPICIOUS.

THAT MAY BE SO, BUT THIS LAST RAID GIVES US ENOUGH TO HIRE A GALLEY AND FLEE FOR GREECE, WITH A GENEROUS BOOTY. THE WOMEN THERE I HEAR HAVE YELLOW HAIR, AND THEIR THIGHS...

SNAP!

AOW! ALCOM, I'VE BEEN SEIZED! I'M CAUGHT!

A TRAP!
BUT WHY A MERE
WRIST-CATCHER,
AND NOT A
FATAL DEADFALL,
OR A FALLING
BLADE...

ALCOM,
MY ARM...IT
KNOTS...AND
MY LEGS!
I CAN'T
MOVE!

AH, THE BLADE
WAS SMEARED WITH
CURARE, LIKE THE
WAR-ARROWS OF
KUSH!

BUT-BUT WEAKENED
CURARE... I CAN STILL...
IF I TRY... MOVE MY LIPS.
I STILL LIVE, BUT...HELP
ME OUT-OF HERE,
ALCOM!

BUT THE PHARAOH'S MAGE WAS WELL-VERSED IN
LORE OF POISONS...

CURSE IT,
YOU'RE TOO STIFF!
I'LL NEVER ANGLE
YOU OUT OF HERE
IN ONE PIECE. WE'RE
STUCK UNTIL
THE KING
COMES.

TO THE EGYPTIANS, DEATH CAME AS
SWIFTLY AND CASUALLY AS THE STING OF
VAHA THE SERPENT. AND EVEN THE
MADDENED CAREERING OF AN UNEM-
BALMED SOUL COULD BE EVENTUALLY
EXPATIATED BY PRAYER AND SACRIFICE...

PERHAPS SO,
PERHAPS-NOT. YOU
COULD...LEAVE, BROTHER-
BUT SO SOON AS-AS HE
RECOGNISES MY FACE-THE
SON OF HIS BUILDER...HE'LL
BE AFTER-THE WHOLE
FAMILY. THE ONLY...ONLY WAY:
TAKE MY FACE WITH
YOU!

AND SO...

...AND KEEP THEE
WATCH AMONG THE CROWD:
IF ANYONE WEEPS, SEIZE
THE VARLET AND BRING HIM
BEFORE US. PERCHANCE HE'LL
BE RELATED TO THIS
ESCOUDRELL CUTPURSE
FELON.

THIS IS THE WAY
YOU TREAT YOUR
MOTHER!? 'WE'LL BE
RICH,' YOU SAID! WE'LL
GO TO GREECE! A
COMFORT IN YOUR
AGE! A COMFORT
THIS IS SUPPOSED
TO BE?

I HAVE ONE LESS SON!
POOR KEPHYR HEADLESS, AND NOT
EVEN EMBALMED! WITHOUT A
TOMB, HE WALKS AMONG
GIBBERING FIENDS AND SCREAMING
DEMONS THROUGH
QUICKSAND AND
HURRICANE! ALCOM,
I WANT THAT
BODY FOR THE
EMBALMERS!

MOTHER,
BE
REASONABLE.

IF I DON'T GET THAT BODY,
I TELL THE KING EVERYTHING.
MY SON WILL BE PROPERLY
LAID OUT, OR WE'LL ALL HANG
AND WONDER WITH HIM!
THIS I SWEAR BY KOTH
THE HIPPO-GODDESS.

LEND ME TIME,
MOTHER. I MUST
THINK ON IT...

NEXT DAY...

GEE! HAW!
ENOUGH OF YOUR
SILLNESS, MULE! GET
A MOVE ON! MAYBE
A CRACK ON THE
RUMP'LL MOVE
YOU!

CRAK!

WOA!
BY THE BREASTS
OF NEPHERTITI,
DOWN, YOU
ROGE!

FLOOSH!



BRIGANDS!
THEIVES! TO
TAKE ADVANTAGE
OF A POOR MAN'S
SKITTERY
MULE!

WELL, I
GUESS IT'S
SPILT WINE
IN ANY
CASE...

HERE,
HAVE A SWALLOW
YOURSELF.
IT'S A HOT
DAY.

EASY,
FRIEND,
EASY - BETTER
IN OUR BELLIES
THAN IN THE
DIRT!

AND ON A HOT DAY IN EGYPT, WINE HITS A
MAN'S HEAD LIKE A HAMMER ON AN ANVIL!



AND NIGHT IN EGYPT FALLS
LIKE THE BEAT OF A STICK ON
SOME VAST BLACK DRUM...

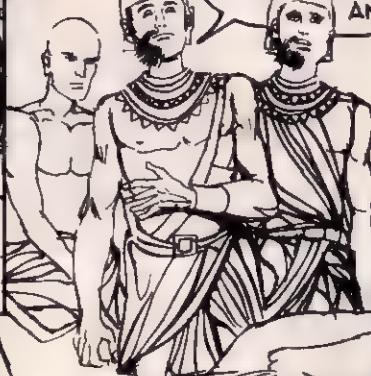
AND AT NIGHT...



...WHO KNOWS WHAT
DEVILTRY IS COMMITTED?



LOST THE
BODY?! BY HORUS,
I'LL HAVE THY HIDES! FORTY
LASHES APEICE, AND HARDTACK FOR
A WEEK! BY THE WAR-CHARIOT OF
RA, WHAT FOOLS LET A THEIF STEAL
A CORPSE FROM
UNDER THEIR
SODDEN
NOSES?



'TWAS NO THEIF,
PHAROAH, BUT A
MAGICIAN. HE CAST A
DROWSING-SPELL
IN OUR BEARDS,
AND -



A MAGICIAN?
A SHREWD YOUTH, MORE
LIKELY, AND A FORMER
SOLDIER TO BOOT, BY THE
LOOKS OF IT. HOW TO TRAP
A SOLDIER? HMM...
ONE BAITS THE TRAP WITH
SOMETHING
PRETTY...



DID YOU HEAR THE CRYER,
ALCOM? RAMSES HAS GONE
GIBBERING MAD - HE'S PLACED
HIS DAUGHTER IN THE CITY'S
BIGGEST BROTHEL, AND
OFFERED HER TO ALL
CITIZENS FOR
FREE!



FREE?
CLIEOPS
SOLD HIS
DAUGHTER TO
RAISE MONEY FOR
HIS PYRAMID - YEA,
AND THE WENCH
EXACTED AN ADDITIONAL
TOLL TO BUILD
HER OWN - BUT
FOR A GOOD
PRICE. WHAT'S
ALL THIS
ABOUT?

THE ONLY TOLL IS THIS:
YOU MUST TELL HER THE
MOST AWFUL THING
YOU'VE EVER DONE!
I CAN'T WAIT TO TELL HER
ABOUT THE TIME WE GOT'
DRUNK AND PUT A BABY
CROCODILE IN THE FOUNTAIN
OF ISIS ON THE EVE OF
BAPTISM. YOU'RE COMING
TOO, OF
COURSE?

LATE THAT NIGHT, AT
THE EMBALMER'S...

POOR KEPHYR -
ALREADY MINUS A HEAD,
CHANCES ARE YOU WON'T
MUCH MISS AN ARM.





AND NOW IN PAYMENT,
PRINCESS OF THE SUN, LET
ME TELL YOU OF MY CRIMES. MY
FATHER, NOW DEAD, WAS A
GREAT ARCHITECT...



...THE FIRST
NIGHT WE TOOK ONLY
SEVEN TALENTS APIECE,
IT WAS ALL WE COULD
CARRY. BUT AFTER MUCH
EXERCISE, AND LIFTING
OF WEIGHTS, OUR
SECOND RAID
NETTED US...



...DISGUISED
AS A WINE MERCHANT,
I RIGGED THE SPOUT ON
ONE OF MY SKINS SO IT
WOULD BREAK OPEN AS
I PASSED THE GUARD
BY KEPHYR'S BODY...



GUARDS!
LIGHTS!
TORCHES! HE'S
CAUGHT!!

WHAT DID
I DO TO DESERVE
THIS? MY SON,
NOT ONLY A FELON,
BUT HE ADMITS
IT TO THE
PRINCESS!

HUSH!
THE BOAT
SHOULD BE
READY, SO IF
WE'RE QUIET-
HOLD! WHAT'S
THIS SIGN?

IT SAYS, 'BY ORDER OF
THE PHARAOH, CLEMENCY
IS HEREBY GIVEN THE SILVER
THIEF. IF HE WILL BUT STEP
FORWARD AND IDENTIFY HIMSELF,
HE FURTHERMORE GETS THE
PRINCESS' HAND IN
MARRIAGE AND HALF THE
KINGDOM!... IF HE BUT
PROMISES TO BECOME THE
KING'S NEW VIZIER...

YES, THE PHARAOH, SHREWDED ENOUGH TO REALISE
THAT ANY MAN AS CLEVER AS HIS SILVER THIEF
DESERVED NOT DEATH BUT A HIGH GOVERNMENT POST,
TOOK ALCOM INTO HIS HOUSEHOLD. TOGETHER, THEY
GREATLY ENRICHED THE DYNASTY, AND ADDED TO
THE GLORY AND SPLENDOR THAT WAS EGYPT. AND
THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER, UNTIL DEATH
CAME TO CLAIM THEM.



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(...THEY'LL BE VALUABLE TOMORROW)



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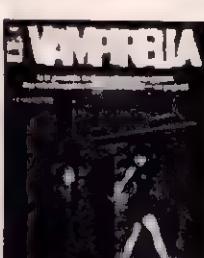
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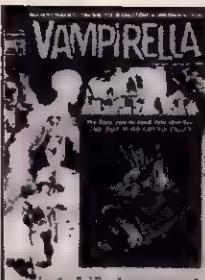
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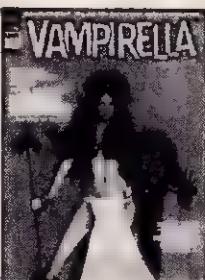
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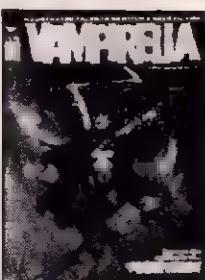
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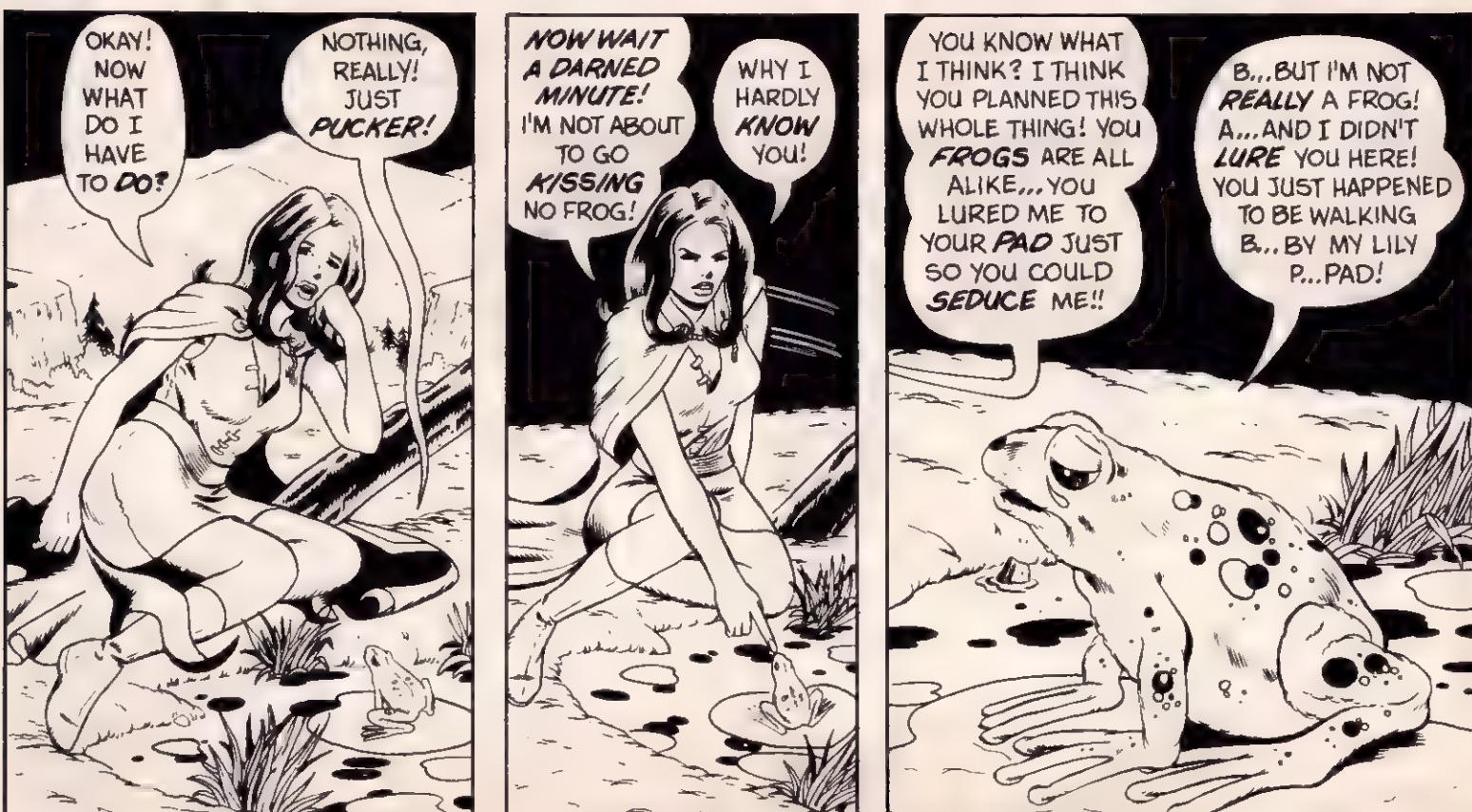
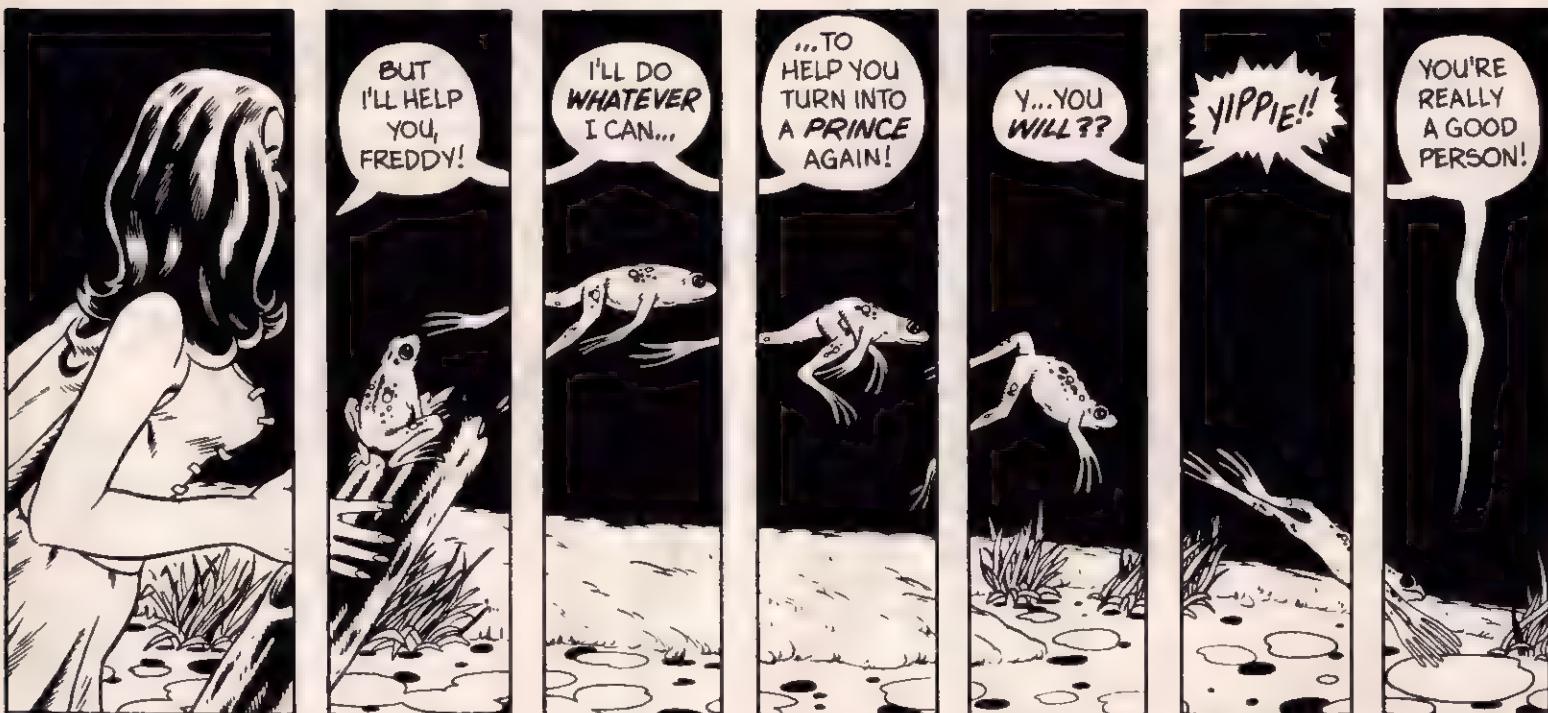
SALTATIONS,
WART-HOGS! I'VE BEEN
HOPPING AROUND
DIGGING UP NEW FEARY
TALES FOR YOU AGAIN!
THIS TIME I'VE COME
UP WITH ONE THAT
HAS PEOPLE CROAKING
ALL OVER! A LITTLE
TALE ABOUT A
GUY NAMED...

PSSST!
HEY, BROADDIE!
COMMERRE!

URK!









MASTER FREDERICK... YOU'RE BACK!! WE THOUGHT WE'D NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN!! WELCOME HOME, SIRE! COME RIGHT THIS WAY!!

HOLD EVERYTHING, BUSTER...

BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING ELSE, GO GET A JUSTICE! PRINCEY AND ME ARE GOING TO GET MARRIED... TODAY!!

OH, I SAY, SIRE!! THIS IS INDEED A HAPPY DAY! THE ENTIRE KINGDOM WILL REJOICE!

BUT COME! RIGHT THIS WAY TO YOUR QUARTERS, YOUR HIGHNESS! WE MUST MAKE READY FOR THE BIG CEREMONY!

OH, FREDDY! THIS IS THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE!! I'M GONNA BE A PRINCESS!!! ISN'T IT FABULOUS?!

FREDDY! I SAID... ISN'T IT FABULOUS!? HEY! WHY DON'T YOU SAY SOMETHING? COME TO THINK OF IT, YOU HAVEN'T SAID A WORD SINCE YOU CHANGED BACK!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, FREDDY? CAN'T YOU TALK ANYMORE?? FREDDY? SAY SOMETHING!!

PLEASE!!

CROAK

IT FIGURES, HUH? IF FREDDY COULD TALK AS A FROG, HE WAS BOUND TO CROAK AS A PRINCE! BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP THE MARRIAGE! FREDDY AND HIS FRAU LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER, AND TODAY HAVE A COUPLE OF FINE OFFSPRING... TWO POLLIWOGS!

ALL TIME BEST SELLERS IN PAPERBACKS

SCI-FI! MONSTERS! BEASTS! ADVENTURE!

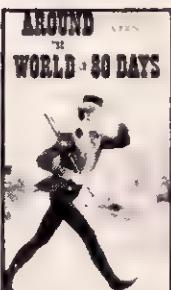
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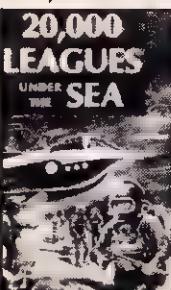
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CREEPY FAN CLUB Dept.

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Here's my \$1.25 for a lifetime membership in the most ghoulishly great fan club going, which entitles me to a big 3" club pin, membership card with my own personal number, and full-color portrait of my favorite fiend, UNCLE CREEPY!

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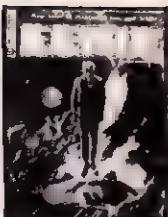
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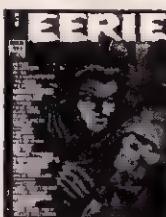
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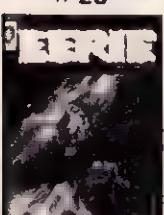
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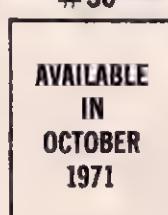
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VAMPI'S FLAMES

HERE IT IS!

The EXCITING NEWS about
CONTRIBUTIONS
sent in by all of you readers
out there!!!

OFFICIAL CONTEST

In issue #12 on VAMPI'S FLAMES pages, we asked our readers to look through back issues of VAMPIRELLA from issue #5 up to the present. VAMPI'S FLAMES began in issue #5. Have you been doing your homework? You were supposed to study and evaluate the sketches. Did you choose your favorite yet? If you have, send us a note telling us which one you liked the best and which issue of VAMPIRELLA it appeared in. We would prefer you tear out the actual sketch and send it to us. (Your vote can be either your note or the clipping.) The contributor receiving the most votes will be contacted. He or she will be assigned a one-page script to illustrate which will appear in a forthcoming issue of VAMPIRELLA. The amateur artist you choose will have a special page all his own. Contest closes August 1, 1971. Winner will be announced in VAMPIRELLA issue #15 (ON SALE NOV. 4, 1971).

Staff artists whose work has appeared in full-length stories are ineligible. The winner will be someone whose work has only appeared on the fan pages.

Address mail concerning
OFFICIAL CONTEST
ONLY
to:

AMATEUR ARTISTS
CONTRIBUTORS CONTEST
(Vampi's Flames)
c/o Warren Publishing
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016



Gregg Davidson of Palos Verdes, Calif., was urged by a friend to submit the above sketch of Vampi. We're grateful to Gregg's friend.



The above rendering comes to us from Clyde Caldwell of Greensboro, N.C., whose favorite comic character visits his dreams each night.



ALL IN THE FAMILY

Comic book collecting is a family affair with Mr. & Mrs. Ty Borski and their son, Joseph Heffernan, pictured above. We met them at the 1970 New York Comic Convention, and promised Joe, 15, (a student at Weehawken High School) that we'd publish their picture. Here it is, folks . . . we've just made you famous (or should it be INFAMOUS)??

CHILDREN OF THE ATOM

By J. G. Barlow

In the beginning God created the heaven and earth,
Now the once verdant land is a fiery dearth,
They'd created a utopia, or so they said,
Now it is a world of the polluted and the dead.
The sky was once pure, the people free,
Their hearts held a promise, a destiny,
Now radioactive wind is the master here,
Because man was unable to control his fear.
Life held no meaning for this godless people,
Their bias made them weak, their science feeble,
So one day they decided to begin the fight,
And when the clouds settled, they resolved their plight.

Formless rubble mutely witnessed the recurring story,
That war held no profit, no wondrous glory.
The smell of death—reduced to an atomic pile,
Bids us close the report on this most curious file.
But wait! All hope had not withered, all purpose, not died,
For an object appeared—a sign in the sky,
It came ever close and touched down to earth;
An envoy from space, a chance for rebirth.
From the landed craft stepped two humanoid creatures,
With a spatial forboding and unearthly features,
They were named, respectively, Zira and Cleve.
You'd know them better as Adam and Eve.

END

THE LEAKING BATH TUB!

PART TWO

(Adapted and edited from an original story by Carl Daigrepont, Jr.)

SYNOPSIS OF LAST ISSUE (#12)

Thirteen year old Annie, left alone with her puppy Barney, had retired to her bedroom to watch T.V. until her parents returned from a funeral later that night. Hours had passed leaving the house freezing cold and ominously frightening since Annie was unsure whether or not she had locked all the doors and windows. Drifting asleep with the puppy beside her, Annie awoke to what she thought were footsteps. Frightened, Annie screamed and screamed until she finally realized it was only the puppy who had left her room and was now returning to her bedside from downstairs. When she finally calmed down with Barney nervously looking up at her with his tail between his legs and shaking like a leaf, there came from the distance somewhere within the house, the sound of a dripping faucet.

Suddenly, Annie listened with an awareness that gripped her entire body in total terror. The terror that perhaps this was not the dripping of water from a faucet . . . because, it dragged after each soft splat . . . as if it was . . . was . . . being stepped INTO . . . by SOMEONE . . . IN THE HOUSE . . . tip-toeing closer . . . closer to her bedroom . . . outside her door . . . coming closer . . . tipping . . . closer . . . tipping . . . closer . . . tip . . . tip . . .

Barney suddenly leaped from the bed growling. He raced to the door yapping as loud as his little puppy voice could between growls. Annie convulsed, raising the covers from the bed with her updrawn knees flinging the papers from the bed onto the floor. A horrified scream froze in her throat as her eyes stared at the spread open paper sprawled beneath the prancing feet of the puppy scampering back and fourth, bobbing, weaving, turning, twisting and yapping as viciously as he could between puppy growls. Suddenly Barney dashed through the crack in the slightly opened bedroom door. And as suddenly as he was gone, the puppy's clamor ceased. Si-

lence roared through the house in a deafening hush. The dripping from the distance of the hallway outside suddenly began again. Drip . . . drip . . . drip . . . drip . . .

Ever so slowly, Annie's mouth closed. Her arms slowly lowered bringing her hands away from her cheeks which had covered the screams straining to burst from her open throat. Her heart began its slow rhythmic beat again, but her blood would not regain its flow. It was frozen as cold as the room she sat wide-eyed in. The steady drip, drip, drip, drip of the sound from the hall reached her ears again which brought with it the terrifying thought of unthinkable horrors. "Barney!" She screamed.

It was almost simultaneously with the sight of the headline in the paper that caught her eyes when she screamed her puppy's name . . . "Barney! Oh, God, no!" Annie flung the covers from her, almost stumbling headlong as she bounded from the bed screaming her courageous puppy's name. "Barney!" She pounded barefooted across the cold floor for the door screaming his name with each footfall . . . "BARNEY! BARNEY! BARNEY!" Stepping across the sprawled newspaper, the headline still embedded deep in her mind's eye. The dripping sound from the other side of the door and down the hall grew louder as she faced to the source. It grew louder with each pounding of her racing footsteps and her thundering heartbeat. "OH, GOD, NO!!!"

She screamed as she yanked open the bathroom door. The newspaper back in the bedroom was just settling from the rush of motion created by Annie's hurried departure from scuffling across it. It came to rest again in the freezing cold of the silent bedroom. The silence was suddenly broken by the click of the front door downstairs opening and the whispered voices softly arguing, ". . . that daughter of yours will one of these days be sorry for not learning to lock the door behind us when we go out!"

Upstairs, Annie was sorry now. Her returning parents didn't know how sorry. When they reached the top of the stairs, they found Annie in the

doorway of the bathroom on her knees sobbing. It wouldn't be until a few moments later until they discovered why Annie was crying. For there above the bathtub, hanging from the shower faucet was Barney. The puppy's tail was tied in a knot around the shower faucet's pipe and its head hanging from its body . . . half severed . . . leaking its courageous blood into the bathtub . . . drip . . . drip . . . drip . . .

In the bedroom, the gush of the opened door downstairs from her returning parents, fluttered the newspaper laying on the floor. Annie had never noticed the continuing subcaption below the headline of the paper. It had frightened her so much, she never read any further. If she had, she would have noticed below the headline, "MAD DOG MANIAC . . ." it further read, "Murderer of" . . . and in heavy bold type . . . "DOGS!"

END

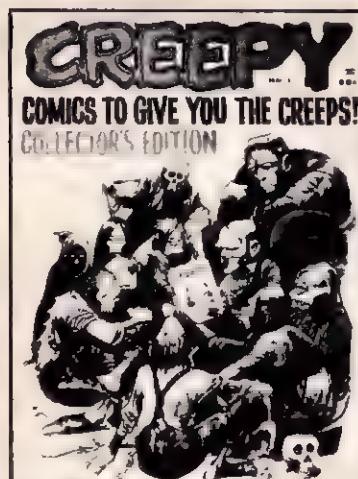


John Ayella of Merion, Pa., contributed his conception of your hostess, Vampi. From the looks of his artwork, John should have no trouble breaking into the comic illustrating field.

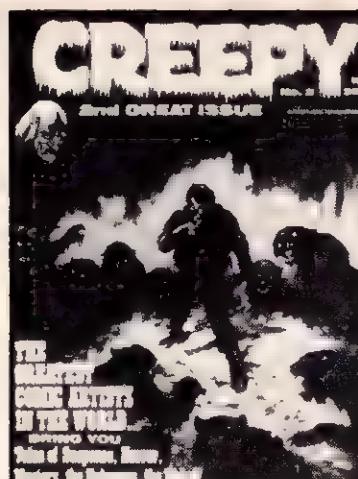
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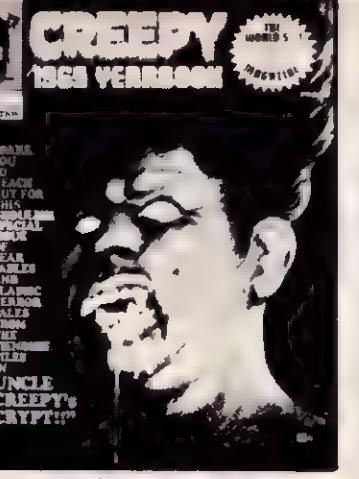
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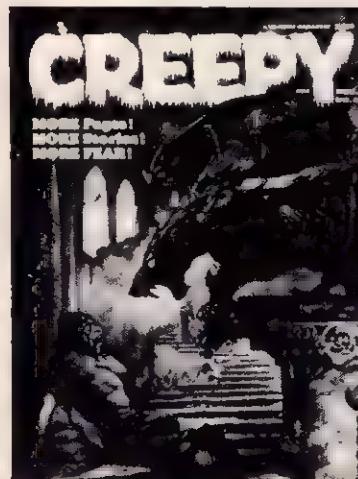
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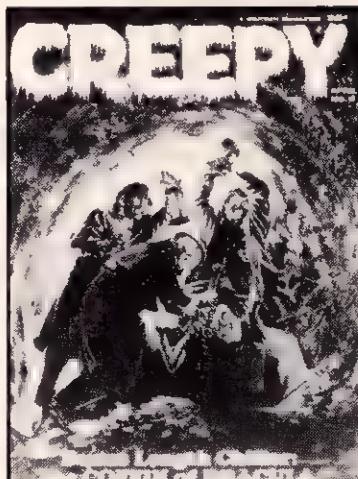
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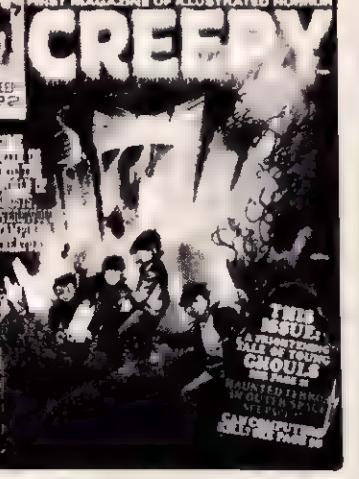
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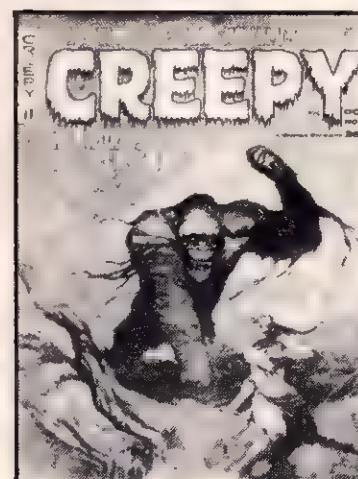
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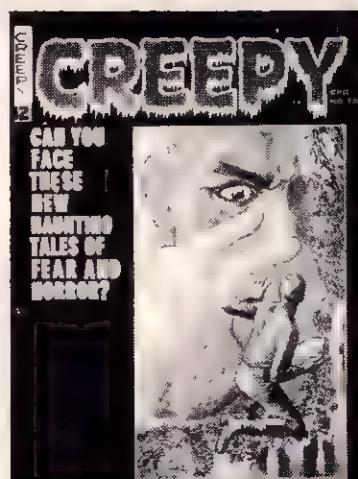
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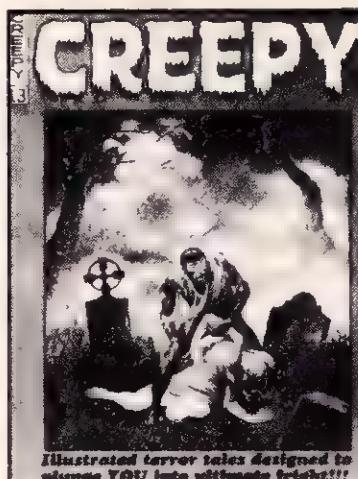
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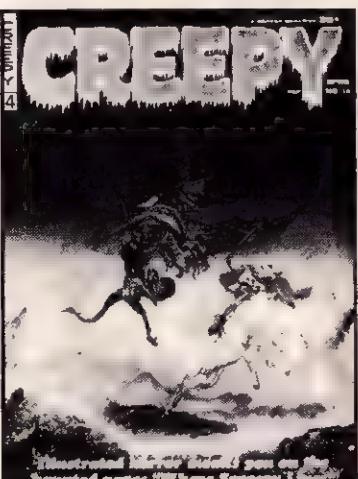
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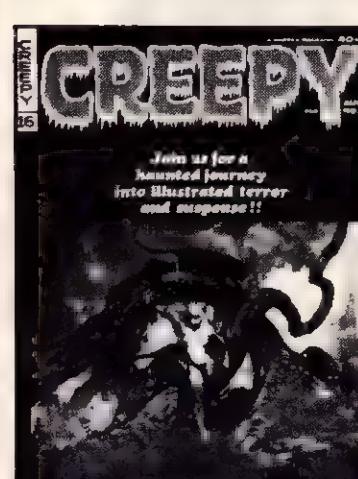
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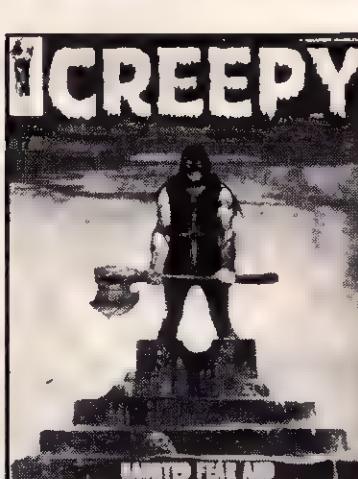
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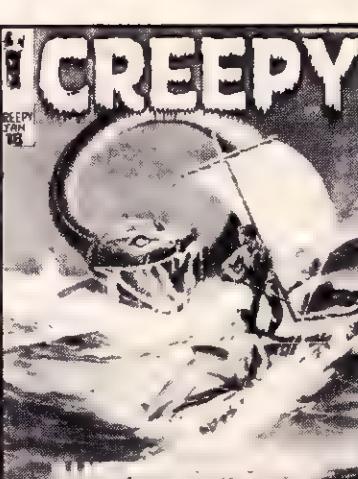
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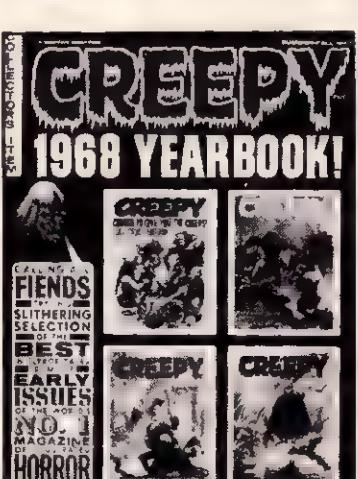
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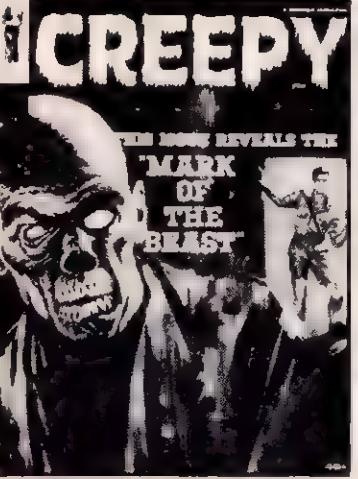
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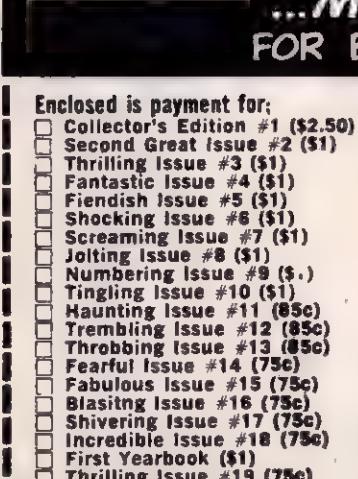
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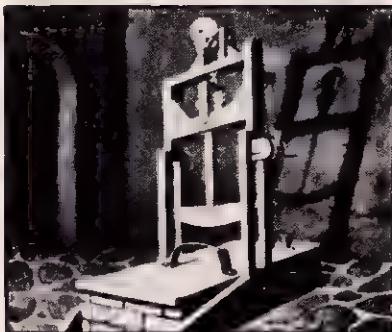
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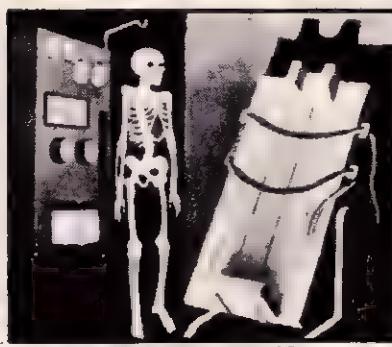
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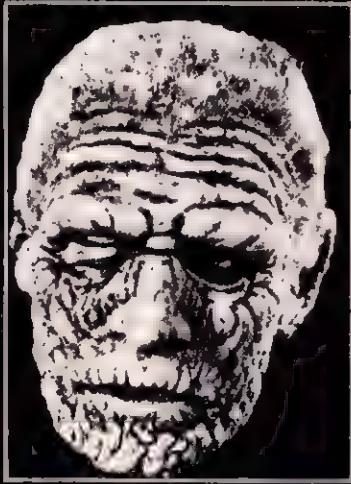
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ANNUAL WARREN AWARDS AT THE NEW YORK COMICON...

THE FIRST ANNUAL WARREN AWARDS AT THE 1970 NEW YORK COMICON GO TO CREEPY, EERIE BOOKS! VAMPI POUTS!

A JEALOUS VAMPIRELLA VOWS REVENGE IN 1971!

Frank Frazetta and Neal Adams were surrounded. The occasion: the annual Warren Awards, a highlight of the 1970 New York City Comic Art Convention.

Gathered together on the stage of the main convention room on the 18th floor of the Statler Hilton hotel for the First Annual Warren Awards were James Warren, Editor and Publisher of the Warren line of comic magazines, *Creepy*, *Eerie*, and *Vampirella*; illustrators par excellence Frank Frazetta, Neal Adams, Wally Wood, Tom Sutton, Ernie Colon, Billy Graham, and writers Nicola Cuti, and Archie Goodwin.

Warren, characteristically at home in front of the podium, began by introducing colorful Convention Chairman Phil Seuling, who in turn, introduced James Warren to the waiting assemblage of fans "as a man who needs no introduction." Warren later presented a gold trophy to Seuling in recognition of his efforts on behalf of comic art.

The Warren Awards were officially underway. He in-

roduced his staff, most of whom were in the audience and took appropriate bows. After reciting a litany of their respectful virtues, he recited particular stories for each. Jokingly, he related "insults" carefully selected

to suit the character of the individual staff member. "Rich Buckler," he announced, "comes into our office once a week. He's always late with a story. We strip him, beat him, humiliate and insult him, degrade

him horribly, and he pays us five dollars and goes home happy."

Introductory asides over, Warren plunged into the award ceremonies. Jim described the massive gold cups and statues as per-



Receiving the Frank Frazetta trophy for best illustrated story is Neal Adams (above). For his work on "Snowman", *Creepy* #31, Tom Sutton (at right) won the Bradbury cup.



Seated are artists Frank Frazetta, Tom Sutton, writer Nicola Cuti and artist Ernie Colon. Flanking them are their well-deserved trophies. Both Sutton and Colon go for their guns.



Warren (left) after honoring Billy Graham who receives congratulations of Frazetta and Sutton as Cuti obscures facial change to werewolf. Graham was honored for his work on the witch trilogy in *Vampi* #70. Unk Creepy vainly waits in the wings, unheralded.

He was back...
doing the
only thing
he knew....
he was
tending the
machine.

Ernie Colon's heart-warming version of Uncle Creepy.



A succubus from "The Soft, Sweet Lips of Hell", *Vampi* 10.

haps representative of "Dr. Wertham clutching his groin."

The Ray Bradbury award for Best Story in a Warren magazine went to Tom Sutton for *Snowman* in *Creepy* #31.

The Frank Frazetta cup for Best Illustrated Story was presented to Neal Adams for his version of *Rock God* in *Creepy* #32.

Frank Frazetta received the Jack Davis cup for the Best Cover for his *Eerie* #23 cover.

Warren then announced a series of special awards: writer Harlan Ellison for *Rock God*; Best All-Around Artist to Ernie Colon; a writing award to Cuti; and an honorable mention for art-

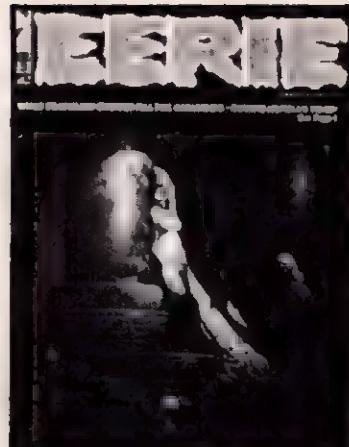
work to Warren headmaster Billy Graham. Billy's *Black Witch* was one of a trilogy on the nature of witches which appeared in *Vampi* #7. *Creepy* and *Eerie* books were on the receiving end of the awards while *Vampirella* was left emptyhanded.

A panel session followed the awards. Asked about the morality of horror comic magazines, Warren answered, "There is no such thing as 'moral' or 'immoral' comic magazines. Comics are either badly written and drawn or well written and drawn."

Why the recent full page appeal (another is planned) to end the war in Vietnam? Declaring that the editorial was in line with "our business philosophy," Warren explained that everytime there is a riot or a violent confrontation between po-



Neal Adams' "Rock God", *Creepy* #32. Story by Harlan Ellison. "Rock God" was chosen Best Illustrated Story and Adams received the Frank Frazetta cup.



Cover of *Eerie* #23
licemen and revolutionary sales plunge. Pretty soon, Warren felt, if the situation continued, America herself might go out of business. This obviously would have a disastrous effect upon Warren publishing. If, in any way, the ad helped in ending the war, he felt it was a sound move.

Billy Graham's name, explained Warren, is often confused with that of a great and respected spiritual leader. "If I ever get a good artist named Oral Roberts, I'm going to be in big trouble," Warren said.

* * *
Material from this article came from Martin Greim's *Comic Crusader* #10. Copies of CC's special 1970 Convention Issue can be had by sending 50c to M. Greim, Box 132, Dedham, Mass. 02026.



Tom Sutton's "Snowman"



New York's fourth annual Comic Art Convention, host to the Warren Awards, will be held from July 2nd through the 5th, the second four-day convention ever held, in New York's Statler Hilton Hotel in the Penn Top/Sky Top rooms, 18th floor. As expected, it promises to be the usual great and wondrous madhouse.

Comicon Chairman Phil Seuling announced that he and Warren had developed an idea which would involve using conventioners' names in future stories appearing in the Warren books.

Also, we hear that there might be a panel on underground comics and a fanzine editors panel, hosted by Comic Crusader publisher Greim.

Regular membership is \$3.50, available in advance by mail, or at the door while daily membership is \$1.50 per day, available at the door only. Supporting (non-attending) membership is \$1.50 and includes both the Program Book and the Progress Report. The convention will be free to all Comicon members staying at the hotel. Room reservations are to be returned to convention sponsors and not to the hotel.

A special luncheon featuring Comicon's as yet unannounced guest of honor will be held Sunday, July 4th. Past honored denizens include Hal Foster (Prince Valiant) and Harvey Kurtzman (Little Annie Fanny).

For information, write Phil Seuling, 2883 West 12th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11224. This year's Con should be the best yet. And beware, the coming of the 1971 Warren Awards.

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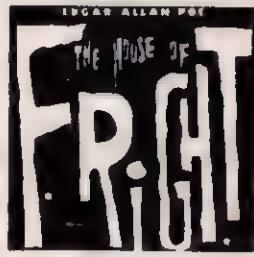
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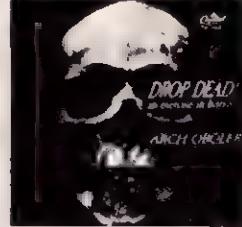
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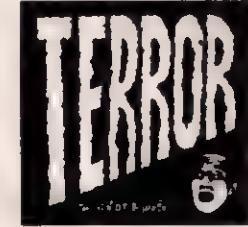
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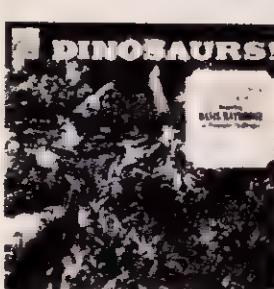
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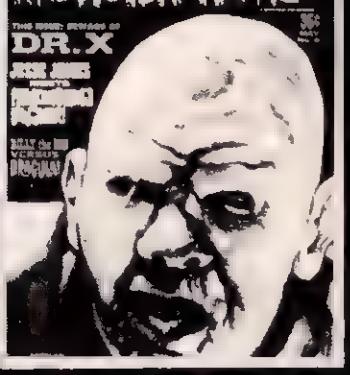
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eye of the beholder

AH—JUST LOOK AT THAT RAGGED CREATURE YONDER! OH—HAD I ONLY THOSE LONG GOLDEN TRESSES, BUT WOULDN'T ALL THE FINE YOUNG HORSEMEN COME BEATING AT THE DOOR OF MY CHAMBER LATE AFTER SUNDOWN!

GARY KAUFMAN

YOU KNOW I DO TIRE AWFULLY OF MY UNGAINLY OLD MINISTERS! AND EVEN THEY, *EVEN THEY* ONLY VISIT ME, I THINK, BECAUSE I'M ABLE TO GRANT FAVORS OTHER THAN THOSE THEY MAKE PRETENSE OF SEEKING! OH—IF ONLY...

BUT WHY NOT? MY DEAR COUNTESS, SHE IS AS MUCH YOUR PROPERTY AS THIS LAND! AND YOU CAN AFFORD AS MANY PHYSICIANS AS YOU WISH, SHOULD YOU CARE TO CARRY MATTERS FARTHER!



INDEED...
GIRL! COME HERE TO YOUR COUNTESS!
QUICKLY NOW! RUN!



THE GIRL RUNS, TRIPS, PICKS
HERSELF UP AND RUNS OVER,



FALLING ON HER KNEES BEFORE
THE COUNTESS, QUIVERING.

I-IVE DONE NOTHING!
PLEASE! I AM BUT THE POOR
WIDOW OF A PEASANT!



RISE, GIRL, YOU'VE DONE
NOTHING! ...SO YOU ARE A
WIDOW! I, TOO, THE COUNTESS,
AM WITHOUT HUSBAND.



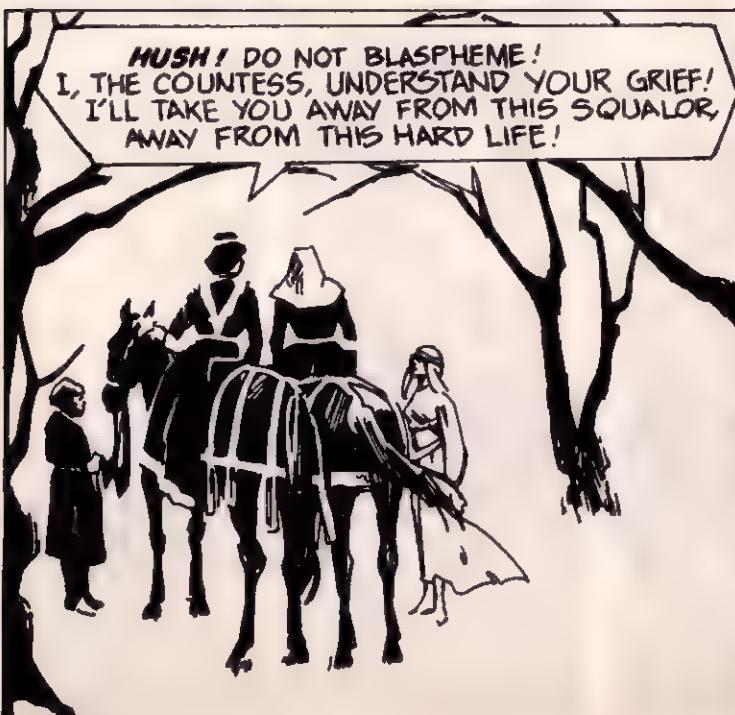
YOU SEE, I DO
UNDERSTAND YOUR
MISERY AND HUNGER,
THE HARDSHIPS...



HE DIED IN YOUR WARS!



HUSH! DO NOT BLASPHEMЕ!
I, THE COUNTESS, UNDERSTAND YOUR GRIEF!
I'LL TAKE YOU AWAY FROM THIS SQUALOR,
AWAY FROM THIS HARD LIFE!



I WILL TAKE YOU INTO MY
HOME! COME, CHILD! LEAVE
YOUR THINGS, I WILL TAKE
CARE OF YOUR NEEDS!



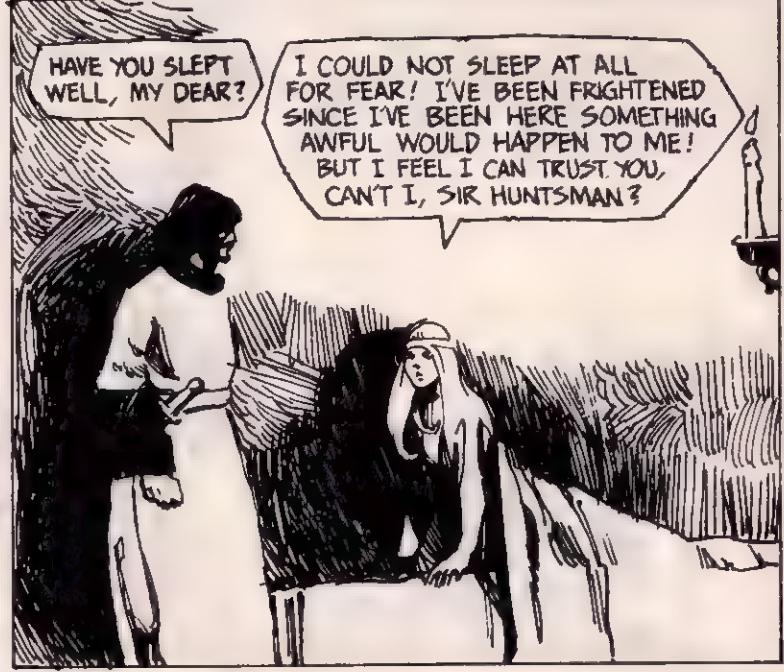
THE NEXT DAWN FOUND A CONTENTED COUNTESS.

SHE HAD CHOSEN THE LOYAL HUNTSMAN AS HER INSTRUMENT OF FATE.



THOUGH A PERFECTLY LOYAL SUBJECT OF THE COUNTESS...

GILES FOUND LOYALTY DIDN'T ENTER INTO CERTAIN MATTERS.



THAT EVENING GILES REPORTED HIS FAILURE.



FIRST, DENYS, GIVE THE GIRL A DRINK OF THIS WINE.
IT IS DRUGGED AND SHE WILL SOON BE FAST ASLEEP!
THEN CUT ALL THE HAIR DOWN TO THE SCALP!
DO NOT MISS ONE INCH OF HAIR, NOT ONE INCH!

AND SURELY, UGLY DENYS WAS THE MOST LOYAL OF ALL,
AND THE LEAST HONORED!



AND DENYS VERY SELDOM FAILED!



THE COUNTESS WAS DELIGHTED WITH
HER NEW GOLDEN GLORY...

AND THUS DISGUISED, SHE WANDERED
ABOUT THE GROUNDS...

SHOWING HERSELF IN ALL THE PLACES
WHERE YOUNG GENTLEMEN GATHERED!



WHEN THE COUNTESS RETURNED TO HER CHAMBERS SHE WAS DOWNCAST!

SHE WAS SOON COMFORTED WITH NEW HOPE! ...SMILING AGAIN!

AND THE RAGGED CREATURE FACED THE GREAT COUNTESS ONCE MORE...

NOT ONE OF THEM EVEN LOOKED IN MY DIRECTION!

NOT ONE!



OPEN YOUR MOUTH, GIRL!
LET'S SEE YOUR TEETH!
AHH—YES! WE MIGHT TRY
THOSE TO BEGIN WITH!



AN OPERATION THIS EXTENSIVE
HAS NEVER BEEN ATTEMPTED,
BUT... WE THREE REPRESENT THE
FOREMOST MINDS EVER TO BE
ASSEMBLED, AND WE ACCEPT
THE CHALLENGE!



OF COURSE, MILADY! THE HAIR
ALONE DOES NOT FIT YOUR
DIGNIFIED COUNTENANCE WELL!
BUT METHINKS THE PEASANT
GIRL CAN HELP FARTHER!

SEND HER FORTH!



PRESENTLY THE PORTLY AND AGED
MEN OF MEDICINE ARRIVED.



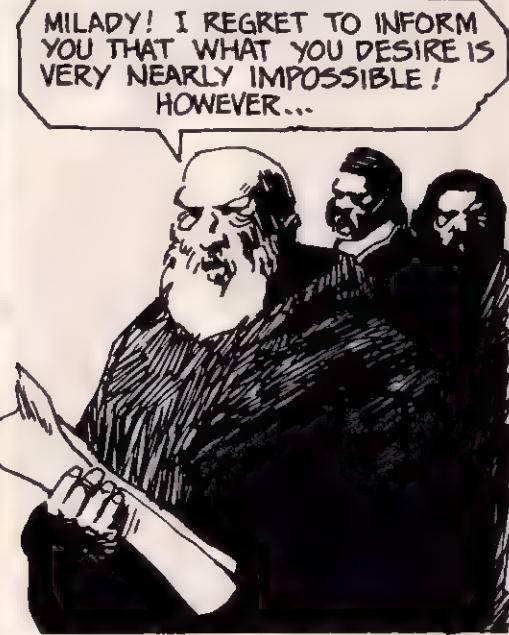
THIS SORRY BEAST
IS MY SERVANT,
DENYS! HE'LL LEAD
YOU TO THE GIRL'S
CELL.



YES! YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT!
FIND THE BEST PHYSICIANS AND
BRING THEM TO ME, MARIE!



FOLLOWING A LENGTHY CONFERENCE,
THEY REPORTED TO THE COUNTESS...



THAT EVENING, WITHIN THE DARK, DAMP CELL,
THE PHYSICIANS BEGAN THEIR GRIM WORK.



SIMULTANEOUS OPERATIONS TOOK PLACE IN THE CELL AND THE COUNTESS' CHAMBER...



CREATING A NEW, AND YOUNGER COUNTESS!



AFTER FIVE DAYS MILADY ADMIRED HER NEW FACE IN THE LOOKING GLASS...



VERY WELL THEN... YOU MAY BEGIN THE TASK OF RENEWING THIS AILING BODY! AND WHEN YOU FINISH, SIRS, I SHALL BE FLAWLESS!



NIGHT AND DAY THE OLD PHYSICIANS WORKED OVER THE COUNTESS' BED.



KNIVES AND SAWS CUT AND HACKED AS FOUNTAINS OF BLOOD FILLED BUCKETS!



THE CUTTING AND SPLICING AND FILING CONTINUED FOR MANY PAINFUL WEEKS...

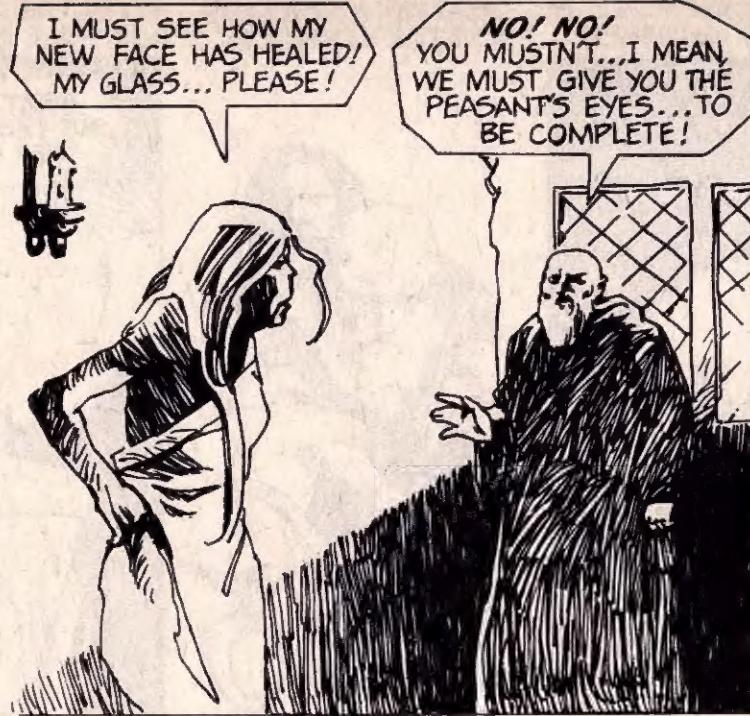


BUT THE LOFTY GOAL WAS UNATTAINABLE!



BUT... I CAN SCARCELY WALK! ONE LEG IS SHORTER THAN THE OTHER! AND MY NECK! WHAT! IS THIS A JOKE? WELL...

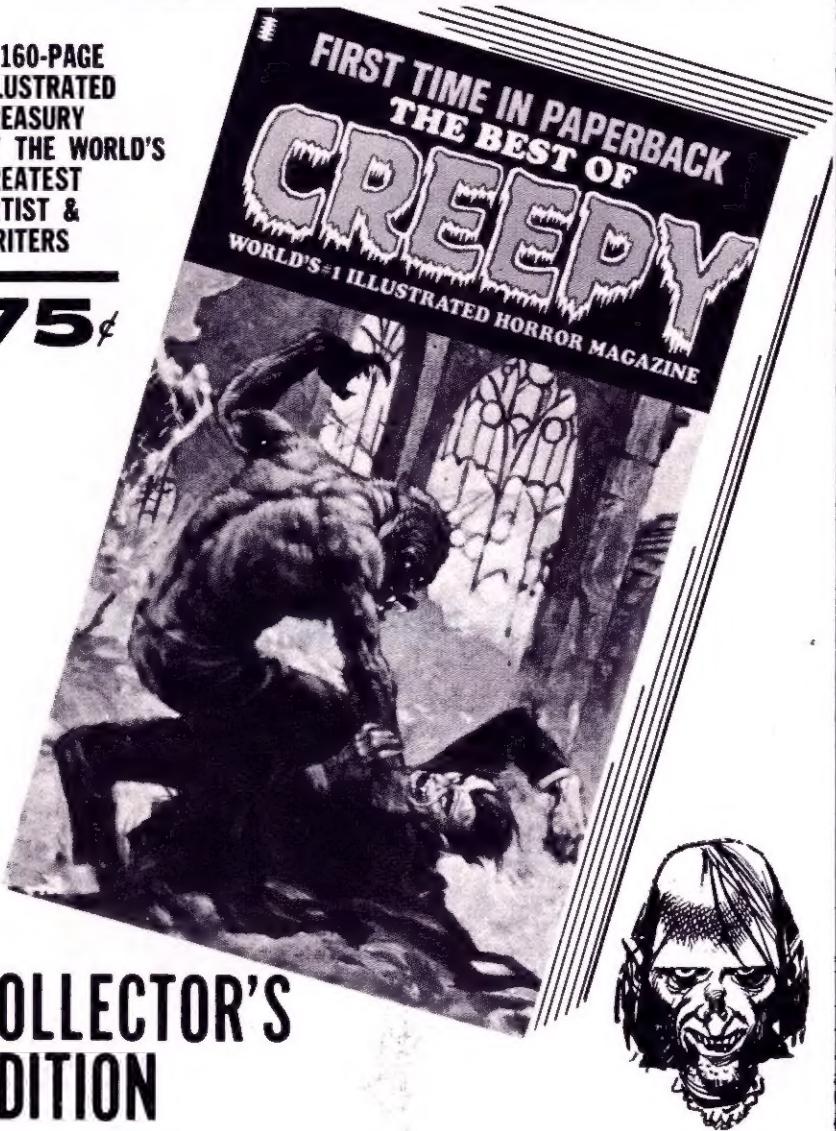




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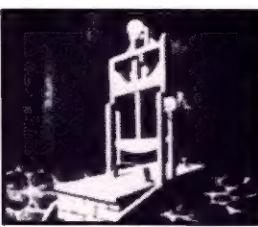
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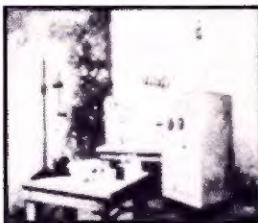
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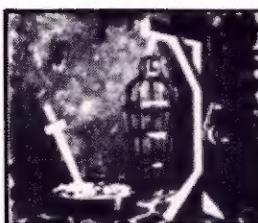
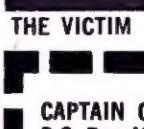
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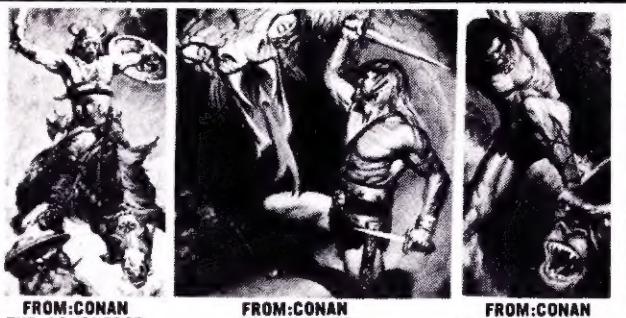
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